



White

Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart"

The saucy, Irish-American heroine of this play, first produced eight years ago, and now revised at the Cort, has been impersonated by Miss Taylor more than twelve hundred times

G. B. S.—HIGH PRIEST OF MISANTHROPY

"I am a natural-born mountebank" says the satirist, and no one has yet contradicted him

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER



TO many it may seem superfluous to advertise George Bernard Shaw by discussing him. Nor should I go out of my way to do so now, had he not threatened us with one more "play." For, though some years ago, he was a fad—perhaps, indeed a genuine influence—his recent efforts to confuse our minds have disenchanted his most ardent friends. His "Heartbreak House" has almost done for him. The Shavian cult is now on its last legs.

SHAW has, at all times, been a scribbling Sadist. He has loved to stab because he hurt his victims. He would acknowledge this, in private, to his intimates. Indeed, at least once, as I hear, he has done this. For twenty years he has hacked and slashed and chopped, unchecked and even encouraged, by the public. His weapon is the axe—not the rapier. Though he has many earmarks of the middle class, he has made that middle class his fool, his butt. Compared with Shaw, Wilde seems a Chesterfield, and Gilbert as another Crichton. Shaw's jibes oppress and dazzle one by their unrestraint. They are not strokes of satire, they are savage onslaughts. The middle class of England are, happily for them, not very sensitive. They cannot be, or they would have dropped Shaw long years ago.

His is the spirit that denies and sneers. His cruelties are not casual and inevitable, but deliberate. When he has dealt his blows he does not drop his axe with a suggestion of at least some touch of pity. No. He prefers to hack and hack and hack till he has laid his helpless subject's "innards" bare.

Withal, though, he is not nearly as effective as the gifted inventor of "The Pirates of Penzance" and "The Mikado." His hand is heavy. He has no constructive gifts. Both as a thinker and a writer of mock plays, he is destructive, but at no time a creator.

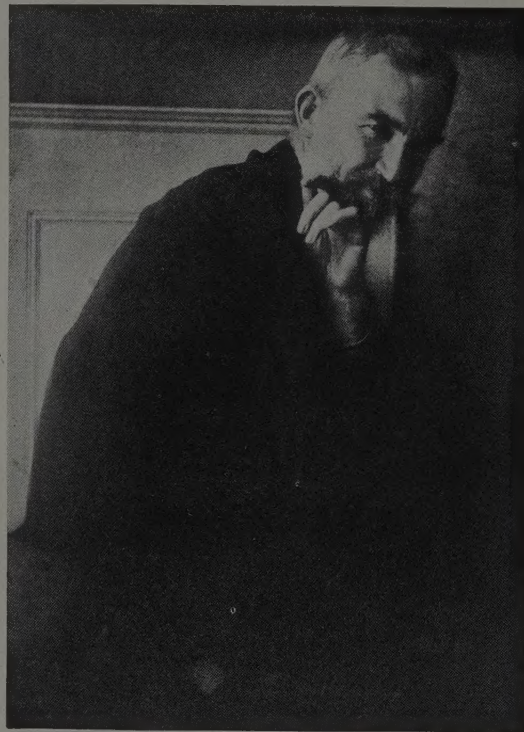
If we dig into his cheerless, grim philosophy, what do we find in it but Nietzsche and old Ibsen, without the excuse of Nietzsche's madness on the one hand or the sincerity of the Norwegian on the other?

HIS scintillations, in the long run, become tiresome; they have not even the allure of Broadway signs. His constant gibing at society and life, as a steady diet, cloy. He drags us all down to a prosaic level, refusing to admit that men or women can have noble aims and motives. Heaven knows, the very best of us are frail. Yet, here and there, some do aspire and pray.

He scoffs at courage, love, religion, faith; he spatters mud on motherhood and mothers.

He laughs at fathers, jeers at family ties. But when we ask him how to rebuild the world, he grins and dodges.

To Shaw, all men and women are mere humbugs. His ideal of woman's honesty is Mrs. Warren. He makes ribald capital indifferently out of Shakespeare, Newton, Caesar, and, when it suits him, out of almost sacred characters. He has no mercy on our cherished hopes, our dear delusions, our most hallowed dreams.



E. J. Steichen

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

This is the man that built "Heartbreak House," in his favorite Mephistophelian rôle, the Spirit that Denies

As a citizen he is neither a good Englishman (as he should be, if only from gratitude for the indulgence England showed him during the late war), nor a good Irishman (though he was born and reared in Dublin). His socialism may be quite sincere. None need deny that he is a good vegetarian. But is the world one whit the better for his Fabianism? And has his bean-and-cabbage diet made him kind?

I have humility enough to confess regretfully that by no painstaking could I have written a single chapter of his prefaces, or one act of his worst so-called plays. But neither could I make a pair of shoes, nor vie for a moment with a fourth rate plumber.

AS an iconoclast, a destroyer, he has qualities. But has he built up any system to replace what he believes he has pulled down? Has he done anything to uplift, or help his fellowmen? Has he improved the world by his most brilliant jokes? When he has proved to his own absolute satisfaction that Gladstone was an ass and Shakespeare ignorant, does he console us by the oft-repeated hint that he, George Bernard Shaw, remains omniscient? To be sure, though, this is taking him too seriously. For he, himself, has told us that he is a mountebank.

Re-read his preface to "Three Plays for Puritans." It contains this passage:

"Again they tell me that So-and-So, who does not write prefaces, is no charlatan. Well, I am . . . I am a natural-born mountebank."

So many truthful words are said in jest. And G. B. S. does sometimes tell the truth. He might not, if he thought you would believe him. Yet, when he chooses, he can tell the truth about himself. Trusting, of course, to your too generous nature to acquit him of his self-charged flaws and sins.

"George Bernard didn't mean that, he was joking," says the simple-minded reader. Well, I for one, feel fairly sure he *did*.

BUT it is less of Shaw and his wisdom, Shaw and his cynicism, Shaw and his theories of life, I meant to write, than of his over-rated "plays." And as to these, I think as many think that, though he sometimes makes believe to laugh at them, he loves his own attempts at comedies and dramas. I remember how, one afternoon in Munich, he moaned to me about the wicked way in which some German company had dealt with his skit on Caesar and Cleopatra. He spoke with resentful earnestness of the cuts a German manager had made in that masterpiece. His sense of humor failed him at the pinch. It had failed him

long before that (unless Mansfield wronged him) when, to his indignation, he had learned that his amusing "Arms and the Man" had been interpreted here, not as a straight drama, but as an ironic comedy. You may be confident that Shaw dislikes a joke aimed at himself as much as most do.

Hard hitting he can stand—perhaps enjoy. But no one must make jokes at his expense. Most Irishmen I have known could give and take. George Bernard is, however, far too sensitive—when he's the butt.

Had it been possible, he would have given his left hand, I do believe, to have written one real, human play. He came quite near his goal in four or five



"Guibour," a product of the Mediaeval Renaissance, is one of a collection of some forty Miracle Plays, all celebrating in some way the intervention of the Virgin Mary. The play depicts an episode in the life of a lady in Northern France, the action taking place in a public square, where are grouped the Church, the home, and the court of law, the three dominating institutions of that era. Guibour, who has led a blameless life, has her son-in-law murdered to protect herself from undeserved scandal. She confesses her crime and is condemned to be burned at the stake. But at the last moment the Virgin, touched by her repentance, intercedes in her favor. She is released, and acclaimed as a saint

FRENCH MIRACLE PLAY REVIVED BY YVETTE GUILBERT

bright instances, in "Arms and the Man," in "You Never Can Tell," in "Candida," in "Fanny's First Play" and especially, perhaps, in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." But in the best, as in the worst, of his achievements, he has always found himself confounded by—himself. The overweening, egotistical, dominant mountebank within him has demanded self-expression at some point, and undone him, not as a wit, but as a dramatist. He lacks one essential of all true play-makers, namely reticence. He can not bear the trammels of self-discipline. Sooner or later, in his would-be plays, he obtrudes himself in some disguise or other and babbles like a child just to "show off."

In "Man and Superman," a delightful opening act is followed up by an act which stops the action. In "Mrs. Warren's Profession," in the third act, he neglects the drama for a shameless disquisition on Shavian moralities and immoralities. Which brings to my mind the fact that, at the first performance of that work here years ago, I was asked by a reporter for my opinion of the "play." I answered (after glancing at the audience), that, "it seemed to be of purely professional interest." In "Fanny's First Play," an ingenious trifle, the obtrusion of G. B. S. (this time camouflaged as an enlightened Frenchman), ruined everything. The impossible levities of Lady Cicely, and the cheap fun poked at the American, Capt. Kearney, with the absurd *dénouement*, spoils "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Smart? Painfully smart, of course. But, oh, so cheap!

AGAIN in that over-rated "Caesar and Cleopatra," Shaw could not keep his hands off holy things. He cut his capers round the Flight into Egypt, and smirched our memories of a very reverent picture which had adorned a Paris Salon. Nor can one ever guess how much of "Caesar and Cleopatra" was written

seriously and how much in the spirit of buffoonery. I doubt if Shaw, himself, knew what he meant by it, though he pretended to explain things in a preface. The waiter in "You Never Can Tell" is a remarkable characterization. But the young people in that near-play are inane. Again in "Androcles," which stirred up so much laughter, he ridiculed in turn the Christian martyrs who died bravely for their faith, and their Roman tyrants. If he had mocked the victims or their butchers only, we might have laughed, or grieved, consistently. But why should we be required to be, as Shaw was, on both sides of the same fence in one "play."

I DON'T know what Mr. Hornblow said of "Heartbreak House." And, if I differ from him, he must not be hurt. But this I know, that like the average man, I thought this latest work of Shaw well-nigh unbearable. Its plot, such as it is, seems largely borrowed from certain parts of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The amorous wanderings of the leading characters may have been due to some more modern Ariel magic. The unmerciful chatter of the characters annoyed me, even more than the far-fetched lesson, which the author has rubbed in. Shaw's willful quips to me were much more heartbreaking than the lubricities and the languors of his puppets. Yet I feel grateful, in a way, to Shaw for boring us with "Heartbreak House." For it has done what many critics have not done—it has shown that Shaw has reached the limit of the endurable. Those who pretend to like his garrulous second act—and I have not yet met a dozen who have admitted such a manifest waste of patience—I can but pity. They may be "high-brows" and they may be charming people. But what they do not know of drama would fill volumes.

There are few things more distressing in a

play than jests that miss their mark, and gibes that fail. And I heard many such, alas, in "Heartbreak House." The set purpose of that dreary comi-tragedy in itself is good. But to conceive is one thing, to achieve another. Shaw lacked the honest, stark, relentless clearness of a great ironist when he wrote it, as surely as the fervor of a reformer. You cannot cure a naughty world by clowning, lash decadent generations into activity and earnestness by paradoxical pleasantries and mockeries. Shaw must at last have grown conscious of these facts, when, in his last act, he dragged in that murderous Zeppelin. What all his cynical wit had not achieved, was accomplished, in a moment, by one bomb. Had they been human, and not only Shavian symbols, his puppets would have shaken off their long and inherited sloth of mind when the crash brought them face to face with war and death. But they were puppets. So they relapsed into their sloth—all but the Bottom of this weary Shavian "Dream," and an improbable burglar.

Well, Shaw found people here to produce his "play" and thousands pay to see his nonsense acted. I doubt, though, whether he will have such audiences when what, he says, will be his dramatic swan song comes this way. He has been fortunate. He has gulled us long. Beyond peradventure he is a great mountebank. But he has not yet turned out one real human play. He has taught us little good and much that harms. He, a rank bourgeois, has lampooned his caste. He has mimicked Ibsen, to his heart's content, and in so doing he has, no doubt, added to his bank account.

IN years to come we shall re-read his essays on Wagner, Ibsen and some other themes. But as a deviser of pretended plays, George Bernard Shaw will soon join the dead moons.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES



WHEN a manager is casting his eye around in search of actors for a new production, would you not say that he has a cast in his eye?

* * *

Some stars are like some drivers: they hold the lines all the time and won't let any one else drive.

* * *

Feminine stars are not nearly as distant as Betelgeuse, but astronomers don't study them so closely.

* * *

The actor who fails to pass his first entrance examination often makes his exit *summum cum laude*.

* * *

When a star reaches the middle-age period, the last thing that he or she desires to do is to hold the mirror up to nature.

There are many stars who believe that the part is greater than the whole—but the playwright seldom agrees with them.

* * *

There is a great deal of shop talk among actors nowadays—but much of it is "closed shop" talk.

* * *

The spot where every actor hopes to light in time is—yes, you've guessed it—spotlight.

* * *

Don't hitch your patrol wagon to a star unless you want her to run away with it.

* * *

No actor is a hero in the eyes of his understudy—until he becomes ill.

* * *

The actor who "doubles" evidently figures that two rôles are better than none.

A "feeder" is one who nourishes another and gets no tidbits in return.

* * *

Actors are like billiard players: they must have their cues.

* * *

Acting in romantic plays is a game of kiss and make-up.

* * *

The light that lies in the actress' eyes is star-light.

* * *

Many a leading man plays a small part at home.

* * *

Some of the "fattest" parts are played by the leanest actors.

* * *

Don't talk—act!

EDWIN CARTY RANCK.

POPULARIZING THE REVIVAL

Our own Costume Designer offers useful suggestions to Producers

DRAWN BY
MALCOLM LA PRADE

"WAY DOWN EAST"

Anna driven out into the snow

Attired in a bathing costume, Anna would undoubtedly prove a more attractive figure and her subsequent plunge into the river would seem less out of character

The Squire should be placed in the hands of a competent Fifth Avenue tailor



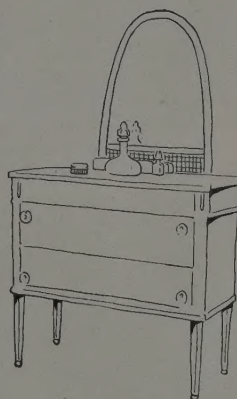
"MACBETH"

The Sleep-walking Scene

(A Doctor, a Waiting-Gentlewoman and Lady Macbeth)

Lady M.: All the Perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand

This scene handled in the modern spirit might make the Shakespearian performance attractive to a large portion of the public hitherto exclusively devoted to the Bedroom farce



"LOHENGRIN"

The Farewell to the Swan

It is a wise Impresario who substitutes a Chicken for the traditional swan with which Lohengrin makes his initial appearance

A dash of modernity such as a becoming necktie worn over the Armor might prove interesting to the well dressed man about town



WHEN SHOULD THE ACTOR QUIT?

De Wolf Hopper declares it preposterous to set a time limit on the player's art

By CAROL BIRD



IT was an assignment which savored of mothballs. It had to do with the rather indelicate question:

"Should an actor retire from the stage at the age of seventy?"

The discussion started in Paris recently when the younger actors and actresses of the Comédie Française declared that seventy should be the age limit for members of their profession.

When the news of the young French actors' edict regarding elderly actors reached Broadway, it caused a riot.

"Get the opinion of one of our—well—older actors on the subject," ordered the Editor. It was a ticklish assignment. To handle the interview properly, one ought to be a diplomat, a fast runner and a neat liar. A diplomat to put the awkward question gracefully; a fast runner in order to make a safe escape in the event that diplomacy failed, and a liar to answer the counter-question sure to follow: "Why did you pick on me?"

We chose the genial De Wolf Hopper. Some might think this an unwise choice. Mr. Hopper is a giant in stature. But we felt that he would never strike a woman.

De Wolf Hopper in starring, with Francis Wilson, in "Erminie" at the Park Theatre. "Erminie" is a revival of the old-time famous comic opera success. In the cast are several actors who have reached—or nearly reached—the fatal age set by the French actors as the time for quilted slippers, rocking chairs and reminiscence. Among these are Francis Wilson, who is cast in the rôle of his original character—Cadeaux, the rascal; Jennie Weathersby, also in the original character she portrayed when "Erminie" first delighted Broadway—that of the Princess De Gramponneur; and, perhaps, De Wolf Hopper.

AFTER witnessing a performance of "Erminie" and listening to the airy badinage of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hopper in an amusing and original impromptu curtain speech, we felt less timorous about the fatal interview. For De Wolf Hopper and Francis Wilson teased each other mercilessly about their ages right before a big audience. Francis Wilson, assuming his best persiflage manner, informed DeWolf that he remembered watching him perform when he—Francis—was a mere child in pantalettes or pantaloons, we forget which. Hopper, sneering his best sneer, glanced down at the lace pantaloons Wilson was wearing, and remarked:

"And now you're watching me again in pantaloons, only this time you're in your second childhood." They exchanged a good many more rather cruel quips about sparse hair, wrinkles and the long, long ago. It bolstered us up considerably.

We found Mr. Hopper in his dressing-room making up for a matinée performance.

He wore a smoking jacket, and over his knees was spread a large make-up towel. His legs were bare, and he wore house slippers.

"Courtesy demands that I arise and escort you to a seat," boomed Mr. Hopper in that voice of enchanting deep bass timbre, "but my present costume, or lack of it, would mean the exposure of too great an expanse of cuticle. So enter, be seated, and forgive me."

Mr. Hopper had not yet commenced his facial make-up. He pushed aside a jar of grease paint, took out a villainous looking small black pipe, lit it, and began to smoke. Thus fortified, we felt that he could stand a slight shock. Though the opening was not an auspicious one, we began:

DO you agree with the French actors that men and women of the stage should retire at the age of seventy? And thus, right at the start, we fell down on the diplomacy qualification.

"Just why am I permitted to give an opinion on this subject?"

The inevitable counter-question had been hurled.

"Because you chance to be in a cast which features two of the older actors of our stage—Jennie Weathersby and Francis Wilson—and it seemed appropriate to discuss the question with you," lied we glibly and irrelevantly.

"But they are by no means seventy," said Mr. Hopper. "And neither am I," he added, glancing sharply in our direction. We decided to dispense with evasion and come out in the open. We did. After that everything went smoothly.

"I think the young French actors are presumptuous to utter such an opinion," began Mr. Hopper. "It is the most absurd thing I ever heard of! What has age to do with art, and ability and great talent? Does any one dare approach a great runner of the day and say to him just before the race:

'Stop! You shall not be in the Marathon today. We learn that you are one week over thirty.'

"If talented actors and actresses were to retire at a certain age—seventy, for instance—they would be doing an injustice to themselves and to the public. If they still possess the power to draw a good house, the same old-time magic of winning applause, if their personality and magnetism still attracts friends and admirers, why should they refuse to longer entertain an audience merely because of their age?"

PLEASE do not misunderstand me. I do not believe that all actors and actresses should remain upon the stage after seventy. I merely mean that those who still retain their mental alertness and their physical powers should stay in the running. Each

individual actor should, himself, realize when his sun has set. He should not wait for some one to tell him that his day is over, and that the public is willing that he should go into the discard. That is the most tragic thing that can happen to a human being—to be reminded that he is too old for further usefulness.

"However, these cases are rare. Most men and women know when to retire and to retire gracefully. But most assuredly a certain age limit should not be set—it all depends on the individual and his state of health and of mind. There are thousands of men and women who have lived clean, sane, splendid lives, who have well-nourished minds and bodies, who are keen mentally, and in robust physical condition. Would it be fair to tell these men and women still in the prime of life to retire from work?"

"I am not referring now merely to men and women of the stage. For if an age ultimatum is delivered at all, it is only fair to deliver it to men and women in all walks of life. Think of the men and women you know today who are living active lives, contributing greatly to the world's progress, who are seventy years of age, or mighty near it, some of them even older. Their eyes are bright, their muscles elastic, their nerves in fine trim, and they are rollicking through life enjoying every minute of it.

TO-DAY I can think of many members of my profession who have reached or are fast approaching the 'dangerous age.' While it would be rather daring of me to announce their ages, even if I knew them, which I do not, I feel at liberty to say that W. J. Ferguson, W. H. Thompson, and Mrs. Whiffen are nearing the seventy milestone, and yet see how popular and beloved they are!

"It would be impossible, practically, for these active old-young men and women of the stage to give up the work in which they have been engaged all their lives, and settle down into inactivity. They would stagnate. They would be flinging the gate wide open for Age to stalk in and mark them as his own."

Then Mr. Hopper, throwing discretion to the winds, bravely discussed the days when he played with Joseph Jefferson. One of the plays in which he figured with the master was "The Rivals."

"Take Jefferson, for instance. When I knew him he was pretty close to seventy. Yet, all that I know of stagecraft—technique, poise, lack of self-consciousness—I learned from him. If an actor of seventy, a master, rich with experience, can impart valuable knowledge to younger actors, knowledge which will tinge their whole careers, would it be wise or just or even sane to place him into obscurity because of his age?"

"Ah, those" (Continued on page 294)

MARTHA COURTNEY

Young English dancer who has literally grown up in the Pavlova ballet. She entered Mme. Pavlova's school at the tender age of ten and has been with her ever since. She is here shown in the quaint costume of one of the ladies in the ballet of "Amarilla"

Abbe



(Below)

ANNA LUDMILLA

This graceful young terpsichorean artist, whom some have styled "the American Pavlova," danced her way from the West via the Chicago Opera Company. She is now an added attraction to "Tip Top" as the Fairy Caprice



Goldberg

MARGIT LERAAS

Adolf Bolm's première danseuse in a Russian Dance. Also remembered as the creator of the part of the Infanta in that delightful ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta"



Lewis Smith



Copyright, Moffett

BEATRICE COLLENETTE

Charming dancer who shares with Mitzi the honors of "Lady Billy." A discovery of Col. Savage, who saw her practicing on the half-darkened stage at His Majesty's Theatre, London. She made her début in this country last year in "See-Saw"

INTERPRETERS OF THE POETRY OF MOTION



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST presents! Incredible, but true, the editor of a chain of thirteen or more newspapers and a half dozen magazines is about to make his début as a Broadway producer. We know, of course, that he has been a lifelong patron of the dramatic art. The classical performances at Berkeley, California, owe much to the Hearst millions, and it is fairly well known that W. R., himself, has backed several of the Ziegfeld Follies. He is a devotee of the terpsichorean art and has, in person, danced on the New Amsterdam Roof at the Midnight Frolic. He has also been aggressively active in the screen field. His last photodrama to be released was "Buried Treasure" in which Marion Davies is the star. For his managerial début, Mr. Hearst has secured a play, that is strongly dramatic, by an author of wide reputation. It will be produced under the auspices of one of the numerous organizations which he operates.

HAVE you noticed in "Deburau" how perfect everyone is in their French? There's a reason. Belasco never does things by halves. All through the long and laborious rehearsals of the play, he paid a French professor a salary to do nothing else but stand around listening to the actors' pronunciation of the many French words. This Frenchman was on the stage the opening night, apparently only a super mingling with the stage crowds, and he has been there every performance since, for the "Wizard of Forty-fourth Street" doesn't intend to allow any of his people to fall down in their pronunciation, even if it isn't the *première*. In the first act, when a crowd of theatregoers are seen pouring into the Théâtre des Funambules, many of the supers are really French people, recruited among some of the small restaurants along Sixth Avenue.

HOW is Edgar Selwyn's play pronounced anyway? I've heard it pronounced a dozen ways," I heard a girl ask her "fellow" at Atlantic City. He answered with a pompous air: "It's My Rage." "Excuse me," said Miss Nash. She flitted from the table and into the Room of Books. Returning with her thumb between the covers of a book with pliable red leather back, she uttered the final word: "It's pronounced as though spelled 'Me rawge'."

FLORENCE Nash, in her large library of the Nash apartment on Upper Broadway, is writing a play. She says it is contrary to

all the rules, which the managers recite for "what the public wants," but she is "having a gorgeous time writing it." Members of the Sixty Club and other aggregations of thespians fear Florence and her library. She has books that settle every question concerning earth or heaven. There seems to be grave danger of the sprightly little comedienne becoming a blue stocking.

IT has been the impression, earnestly fostered by the sparkling star herself, that Laurette Taylor would appear only in plays written by her husband, Hartley Manners. Her pronouncement was coincidental with her *première* of "Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort. For eight years she has adhered to it with the cohesiveness of the paper to the wall. But for some reason which she has not chosen to communicate to the larger world she is now negotiating for a play by another author. The reason may not be found in Mr. Manners' inability to bring forth another "Peg o' My Heart." Certainly, he has not failed either in industry nor inclination to duplicate that success. It is more probable that Miss Taylor's vaulting ambition to abandon comedy, in which she is inimitable, for emotional work is the reason for the departure from the eight year beaten path of her resolve.

MURATORE'S triumphs at the Manhattan recall a dramatic incident in his career. The place was Boston. The opera was "Monna Vanna." With one of the strange turns of its wheel, fortune had flung the first Mme. Muratore, the soprano, Marguerite Bariza, almost literally at his head. She was playing Monna Vanna, the scantily draped heroine. What rendered the situation poignantly acute was the presence of the second and present Mme. Muratore, "the most famous living beauty," Lina Cavalieri, in the stage box. Mme. Bariza, a beautiful woman and of exquisite refinement, withdrew from the company after that appearance. "It was odd," she wrote in her steamer letters. "The first time we had met since our separation was on the stage for rehearsals of 'Monna Vanna.' Muratore's demeanor was entirely according to the etiquette for divorced pairs. He was distantly courteous and emphatically impersonal. But it seemed better that I should not go to Chicago with the company."

RECENT admissions to the Actors' Fund Home have renewed the old discussion of "Why so many actors die poor." Margaret Anglin, rushing to the defense of her craft,

says warmly: "Actors are not extravagant. They only seem so. The truth is that they have so little time to shop that they are forced to pay the highest prices. Other women can go about town and visit all the stores before buying a gown. The actress, with twenty minutes in which to order a frock, has to take the one that most appeals to her in her limited survey. And when the shopkeeper sees her step out of her car or taxi cab the prices take a miraculous shoot upward."

DESPITE Miss Anglin's earnestness, statistical minds heap proofs that, whatever the cause, players are wont to leave small estates. The smallest known estate left by an actress for settlement by the Public Administrator was that of Mazie Hartford, an American actress, who left ten cents. Neva Harrison, left one dollar and Celia Ladipus a little more, \$1.64. Following closely the example of these American artists, Soldene Powell, an English player, who long served the stage in this country as actor and manager, left two dollars and three children. Frederick Tyler, an Englishman, shot and killed himself when his funds had diminished to \$4.69.

YOUR manners over here were never good," said a visiting English dramatist the other day. "But I think they are at their worst in your theatrical district. I couldn't have believed conditions were so bad if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes—and especially heard it with my own ears. Some of your theatre managers are without the least culture or refinement, and yet you permit them to be your leaders in what should be one of the most carefully nurtured of the arts. The language one hears in the average theatrical office on Broadway is simply awful, and the familiarity and terms of endearment employed when addressing the opposite sex is positively nauseating. In England it is entirely different. There we try to be ladies and gentlemen. It is bad form to be anything else. Having a play produced in London is a charming experience, a delightful tea party. Here it is a nightmare. Why, then, do so many English actors come over here, you ask? The dramatist smiled. "My dear old chap, do you suppose they would put up with what they must here, if they could possibly get on in London? Most of the English actors here find it impossible to get a footing at home. That's how high our standard is. You used to have as high a standard in America before your theatre was so grossly commercialized."



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

DEISHA

This young dancer courts two Muses. Having achieved distinction in Adolf Bolm's "Ballet Intime" she turned to sculpture and has already exhibited some very creditable work. There is a fundamental unity in the plastic arts, she believes, and a knowledge of sculpture is a valuable part of the equipment of any Terpsichorean artist

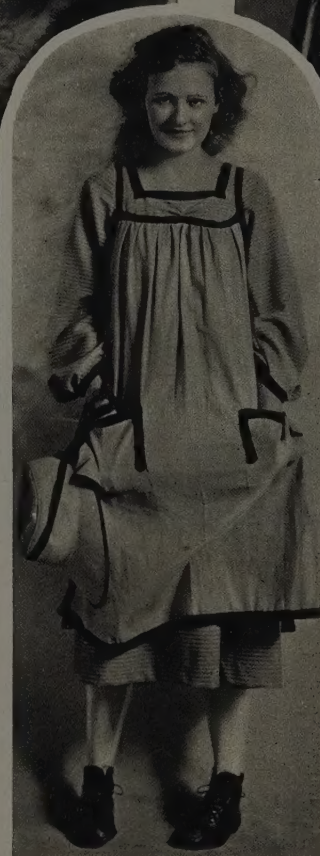
(Below)

Sally is, perhaps, nicest of all in this furry dress of white, which she wears for her Slavic dance. Is it surprising that New York spent in one week \$38,985 to see her?



Photos by Campbell Studios

This wistful little dishwasher who "would like to be famous" is already famous on many counts. She has completely smashed all box office records at the New Amsterdam Theatre, not excluding the Follies. But then, Marilyn Miller is a very bewitching person—even when she's washing dishes



When Sally, masquerading as the notorious Mme. Nookerova, arrives at the fashionable party in this dazzling costume, even the gay flowers in Joseph Urban's garden fade into insignificance. This is rather hard on poor Mr. Urban, who received only \$15,000 for his settings

A NEW STAR BREAKS OLD RECORDS



The temperamental Ben-Ami finds nothing more soothing after the emotional strain of "Samson and Delilah" than a quiet pipe



Alan Dinehart, now playing the lead in "The Mirage," is soon to be starred in a new play, "Edgar Allan Poe." He is shown here puffing at his favorite cigarette—an Egyptian *Deity*

Photos by
Bachrach



Gavin Muir, who has made one of the hits of the season in "Enter Madame," dreaming of future stardom which he visions in clouds of his "Condex" cigarette



To rest his nerves after his strenuous performance in "Welcome Stranger," George Sidney enjoys nothing more than a Corona-Corona cigar

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE STAGE IF TOBACCO IS PROHIBITED?

THE WHY OF THE CHORUS GIRL

Is the lady of the ensemble a "gold digger" or is she an "actress"?

By JAMES S. METCALFE



IS she a "lady of the ensemble" as she was ceremoniously described during the hectic days of the Equity strike? Or is she a "gold digger" as she is pictured in the Belasco-Claire comedy of that name? Or is she, an "actress" as she describes herself usually when brought into unfortunate contact with the traffic police or the marriage-and-divorce reporters of the daily press?

No matter into which of these categories she may fall, it is not to be denied that collectively she is a very important, if not the most important, factor in enterprises which form a large percentage of the theatrical business today. There have been girl-and-music shows which have successfully cut out the chorus boys; there have been others where the principals were negligible quantities and yet others where the book and score did not largely matter, but so far as known, there has never been a successful comic opera, musical comedy or entertainment along those lines from which the merry-merry was omitted. In fact, there have been several instances of spoken comedies which had outlived their usefulness that were given new and prosperous careers by injecting into them a little singing and dancing as an excuse for the presence of the chorus-girl lure.

HER value was perhaps never better demonstrated than in the case of famous "Florodora." When that classic was first performed in this country it started out to be a very flat failure. It had its merits but they were not immediately discovered by a public at that time pretty well fed up on that kind of entertainment. Before it became necessary to announce the withdrawal of the piece, two or three scouts of the Wall Street contingent took favorable notice of the collective and component charm of the sextette. The news of their discovery quickly spread and what promised to be a total loss became an extremely valuable theatrical asset.

The importance of her as we know her is the growth of a comparatively few years. Messrs. Euripedes, Aeschylus, Sophocles and other charter members of the Greek Dramatists' Club, knew full well "the value of a kindly chorus," but it was a chorus of an entirely different type, or types, from the chorus which decorates our modern Broadway classics. No one in all Greece cared whether its members were blondes or brunettes, tall or short, plump or slender. It was enough that they could wail and lament and generally increase the gloom of the tired business man of the period instead of adding to his pleasures as the chorus does in our own time.

Coming down the years we see her beginning to approach her present position with the establishment and growth of continental opera. With her male associates she became more

and more necessary to both author and composer in developing the story and varying the character of the music. As a picturesque adjunct, the chorus was more valuable as a wearer of costumes, and, musically, as increasing the volume of sound than from attractiveness of person. If proof were needed of this, one has only to recall that respectable and marvellously ugly body of persons who, until years very recent indeed, held membership in the chorus of grand opera even at the Metropolitan.

IF ever there was a stage body calculated to repel rather than attract, it was this guild of operatic chorus folk noted here only as the immediate predecessors of our own ladies of the limousine and lobster. They held their places by a sort of unwritten prerogative which no impressario was brave enough to ignore. Their jobs were handed down from generation to generation after the manner of family heirlooms. In families blest with longevity it was not impossible to see daughter, mother and grandmother singing in the same chorus. Children were born with almost a pre-natal knowledge of the scores and chorus business of the operatic classics. This made for reliability and good team work, but did not create any stirring interest in the personnel of the chorus on the part of the tenants of the omnibus box.

This lacking interest was supplied by the *corps de ballet*, established as a sort of parallel institution to opera. Here, of course, grace, symmetry and pulchritude were the essentials and, therefore, the ballet could not be organized and conducted along family lines. It is to be feared that strict discretion in private life was not regarded so highly as beauty and shapeliness of person, these attractions being relied upon to ingratiate for the operatic institution persons, particularly of the male sex, who could not be counted upon to be drawn solely by a predilection for the lyric drama. In fact, in some European countries it is relied upon as the bond to connect the art of opera with governmental subsidies for its support.

THE lighter forms of play and music combination sprang largely from the more serious form and modeled themselves to some extent on its methods and traditions. Being for popular consumption and relying on popular support, their promoters could neglect no detail of drawing power. With much smaller resources it was out of the question to maintain both chorus and ballet. Both were essential. To the ever-fertile managerial mind, often confronted with the problem of making both ends meet in a business way, the solution in this case came readily to mind. Why not make the ballet sing and the chorus dance, reducing the numbers and expense of

the two attractions? Hence the increased importance of the doubled feature and the birth of the chorus girl as we know her.

The chorus girl has come decidedly into her own with the tremendous popularity and expansion of the light musical entertainment extending in range from comic operas that have become classics to the barn-storming burlesques and the elaborate *revues* which glitter from the boulevards of Paris and the music-halls of London to every metropolis, and many smaller cities of our continent. The music-show and the chorus girl have together grown in importance, each adding to the other in value as a lure to the patronage of the big paying public which seeks to be amused easily through appeals more to the eye and ear than through the mind.

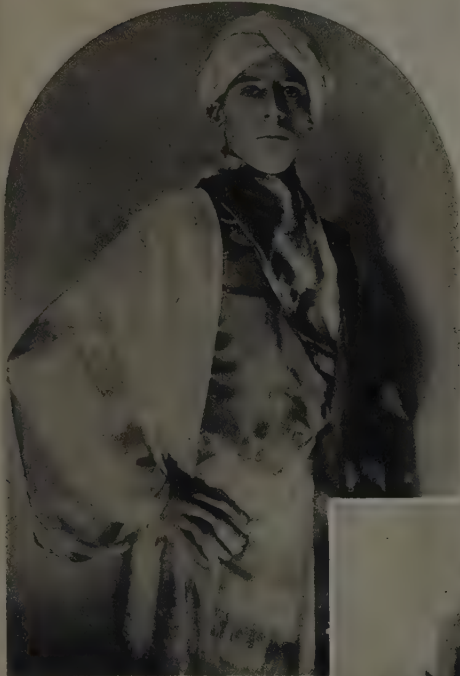
It was a happy find for both light music and the chorus girl when they discovered their interdependence. And the cementing of the partnership has meant fortune for the impressarios and managers who have been successful in welding the union to popular liking. They may credit themselves with rare discoveries of sopranos, tenors and comedians to top their bills but not one of them, forced to full confession, could deny that those discoveries would, at most times, be valueless without the added lure of the youth and beauty usually anonymous on the programme, but always very present to the consciousness of the audience and especially to its male constituent parts.

RIGHT here is a very delicate point in the discussion of the reason for the existence of the chorus girl. Regarded from the point of view of the women and of some men in the audience it is quite possible to regard only her artistic value to the entertainment of which she is only a part. To these spectators who eliminate the question of sex as a specific qualification, she seems to contribute an essential quality entirely aside from it. Even these patrons would be likely to neglect musical shows from which were lacking the peculiar charm given to them by the chorus girl. It is not possible to conceive of great popularity among any class of the public for a musical show which confined itself strictly to male choruses and choristers. By their attendance the most straight-laced and proper of those in the audience supply evidence that the chorus girl provides something in the way of lightness and variety which draws them where they would not be drawn without it. So it is not sex appeal in its baser form which alone gives her her importance.

Frankly though, this is a factor which cannot be eliminated in a truthful discussion of the subject. It is emphasized so strongly in newspaper and billboard advertising, in fiction and jokes, and even in such a play as "The Gold Diggers," (Continued on page 292)

PIERRE DE LANUX

French author, lecturer and war correspondent



MRS. PIERRE DE LANUX

ARTHUR COREY

In Oriental headdress and with his lithe body all gilded, this boy was one of the sensations of the Ball



(Below)

MARGARET FITCH

Kenilworth, Ill., society girl and art dancer in the Javanese group



(Left)

JEANETTE PRATT

Artist and maker of jewels, heading the "Jewels of India" feature

(Below)

MR. and MRS. McCLELLAND BARCLAY

Artists seen in the Javanese group and in the "Pageant of the East"



VIOLET HEMING

Selected as "Queen of Batik"



A Brilliant Spectacle of Color, Art and Jazz, the Batik Ball, given at the Congress Annex by the National Art Service League, proved a most successful affair, pretty girls and leaders of fashion vieing with each other in beauty and originality of costume

Photos Copyright by Moffett, Chicago

ORIENTAL SPLENDOR IN CHICAGO'S BATIK BALL



Photo by Bruguière

JULIA ARTHUR AS LADY MACBETH

Very successful in Shakespeare in her early stage days when she toured with Daniel Bandmann in such rôles as Juliet, Portia, Desdemona, Ophelia, this is the first time that Miss Arthur (seen recently in "The Eternal Magdalene") has essayed the rôle of the Thane's ambitious and unscrupulous consort

CHIEF PROTAGONISTS IN NEW INTERPRETATION



Photo by Bruguère

LIONEL BARRYMORE AS MACBETH

The Barrymores are carrying on the traditions of their family by still further incursions into Shakespeare. John Barrymore set the pace last year by his fine, if somewhat frail, Richard. Now it is his elder brother who courts fame as the interpreter of Shakespeare's great epic drama

OF SHAKESPEARE'S COMPELLING TRAGEDY "MACBETH"

THEY ALSO SERVE

Haughty stars find their maids indispensable as critics

By MARY F. WATKINS



RATHER alarmingly early on the morning after the opening performance, the Manager was called upon the telephone by the Star.

"Yes," she said, "That sofa in the second act will have to be changed. I'm discarding the black gown for a flame color, and so, of course, can't sit on a mauve sofa!"

"But why the change of costume, dear lady?" queries the harrassed man.

"Oh, Georgine saw the performance last night and condemned the black one, too sombre for the tempo of the scene."

"And who the devil is Georgine?"

"Georgine? Why, my maid, of course, my most valuable critic. I should not think of opposing her judgment!"

This little anecdote is not exaggerated, for in every theatre, opera house and moving picture studio in the land, there is always found this obscure little personage, the star's maid, playing a mute but important part in every production. She is a little goddess of the machine, ruling with tyranny that most unruly creature, the leading lady. She may be of any race, creed or color, but she must always excel beyond the utmost in her chosen profession, for she holds in the hollow of her capable palms the key to her mistress' prosperity, peace and pulchritude.

SHE is not hard to find in the maze of props and incongruities back stage, for we have only to look in the vicinity of that spot where the star makes her next exit. One usually sees a rather middle-aged woman with tired eyes, dressed in nondescript clothing, standing with a glass of water in one hand and a woolly shawl over her arm, anxiously listening to the voices on the stage, only withdrawing her attention from the scene long enough to upbraid with truculence a passing electrician who may jar her elbow, or to exchange a word of swift banter with the curtain man. Her badge of office is a little row of safety pins stuck conveniently on her chest for emergencies, and her royal prerogative is the privilege of passing unquestioned through those inviolable behind-the-scenes precincts where no laity dare tread.

Her kingdom is the dressing room, and her slave—hush, admit it with discretion!—is the star herself.

"Oh, Madame, not so much number three on the cheek bones for this scene—catches the high lights . . . ages you!"

"But Georgine, I know how to make up, do let me alone!"

"No, Madame, please allow me!" Georgine removes the offending Number three, and substitutes No. 2 in the indignant fingers.

The call-boy lives in terror of Georgine's tongue, even the doorkeeper is respectful. They recognize her as one of the profession, and above all, as a real artiste.

But great as are her moments of glory, gratifying as are her perquisites, her labors are heavy and exacting. She must be keyed to concert pitch most of the time, and yet must never show funk. Hers to save situations, to meet emergencies, to be a tower of strength, a rebuke to the foolish. She must discriminate between the desirable and undesirable of Madame's callers, she must put certain officious persons in their place without creating enemies for her mistress, she must avoid publicity in some channels and promote it in others.

She must play the dual rôle of watchdog and guardian angel . . . and, above all, she must know her mistress' moods to such a nicety that by her own judgment alone she will keep from or reveal to her at the proper moment each situation and complication that is constantly arising in the average Thespian's life. She must mete out the precise shading of deference due the various degrees of personages peopling the Star's professional world, and must have names, addresses, occupations, at her tongue's end.

THEN she is the Lady's Maid *par excellence*, skilled at the coiffure, both human and wig, a manicure, a masseuse, a seamstress, sometimes even a housekeeper. She must be adept at the telephone, accurate with messages, a genius for polite lies. She must be able to repair a rent with magic needle in the passing of a precious moment, must create costumes with safety pins, and manipulate cosmetics

with an artist's touch. For such service she is repaid by constant association with interesting people, by a certain amount of intimacy with her famous mistress, and with anywhere from seventy-five to two hundred cash per month.

She is rarely the type divulged in the movies, trig, be-ruffled, capped and beribboned. If she is, the chances are that she is a novice. She is more apt to be of comfortable figure and features, sometimes of amiable Hibernian extraction, oftener Swiss, and occasionally, frankly, "nigger mammy." If she is young, she is pert; if she is middle-aged, she is droll and caustic; and if she is neither, but that ageless, almost sexless, raw-boned automaton one met with oftener in a happier, by-gone day, she is a pearl of great price.

THERE are stars, soubrettes, oddities in their ranks, and certain outstanding figures. For example, there is Margaret Anglin's maid, who was Modjeska's, who remained jobless for years until she found an actress whom she considered worthy of her efforts. Then she adopted Miss Anglin, who was given no choice in the matter, but she remains one of the brightest plumes in that gifted lady's cap. She says she can hardly resist introducing the fat, domineering, beloved little servant to all her friends. There is Geraldine Farrar's maid, of whom the singer says:

"I could not sing without her, she is as great an artist in her profession as I am in mine—I respect her as such."

There are the three maids of Emmy Destinn, who, speaking no English, somehow manage to so foresee and provide for all the needs of their mistress to the extent that the unfortunate woman scarcely dares extract a handkerchief from her own bureau drawer. Vesta Tilly, most remarkable of all Music Hall "turns," beloved of the Tommies, had for years as maid, a woman of culture, education and means, who did the work because she loved the actress, loved the life, and never tired of the thrill and stress of the quick changes. She says that she had almost an equal share in all Miss Tilly's success, and Miss Tilly confirms it.

THEATRE THOUGHTS

Laurette was not "to the Manners born." She was to the Manners married.

Elsie Janis's favorite pet is a mocking-bird.

George Sidney has proved a very "Welcome Stranger."

When Frank Bacon first arrived in New York, to appear in "Lightnin'," he rented a room by the week. Making a hit, he rented

the room by the month, and then by the year. After that he bought a house. Now he has planted acorns in the back-yard, intending to watch them grow.

Seeing Otis Skinner advertised in "At the Villa Rose," a Mexican inquired if the star impersonated Villa.

The successful co-operation of Belasco and

Warfield suggests that one good David deserves another.

Charles B. Dillingham asked for bread, and the Lord gave him (Fred) Stone.

Al Jolson appears in "black face" in order to conceal his blushes at the riotous reception he always receives from the audience.

HAROLD SETON.

(Below)
MADGE LESSING AS
CAPTAIN DELAUNEY

A member of the original "Erminie" production, this talented woman has spent the intervening years winning laurels in London, Paris and Berlin. When asked by a French manager how quickly she could learn French, she answered, "In three months," and three months later was playing in Paris—in French. The New York stage is fortunate in having her back again



Edward Thayer Monroe



White

IRENE WILLIAMS IN "ERMINIE"

This singer, with a charm all her own, maintains the best traditions of the title rôle of the famous operetta. She is also well known as a concert singer. Last year she joined the American Singers, and was seen in a number of their revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan operas

STARS THAT TWINKLE IN "ERMINIE" REVIVAL

Ira L. Hill

MARGOT KELLY

This vivacious little English girl, so happily remembered as Phrynette in "Pierrot the Prodigal," is once more flirting with her first love, pantomime. Her flaming tresses now adorn the head of Justine in "Deburau"



(Below)

HELEN SHIPMAN

Seen a short time in "Oh Boy," this western Irene is praised by critics as the best musical "find" of years



Edward Thayer Monroe

PATTIE HARROLD

"Irene" seems to be destined to be a prima donna maker. Only twenty years old, this personable artist stepped over night from the chorus into a title rôle



© Ray Huff



Alfred Cheney Johnston

CLAIRE NAGLE

When this comedienne (Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein in private life) married the producer after a romance of six weeks, she renounced the footlights forever. But ladies are privileged to change their minds, and she has now returned to the stage in the leading rôle of "Tickle Me"

IMPORTANT FACTORS IN RECENT HITS



ACT III

Watkins (Ivan F. Simpson) the renegade Cockney, now in the Raja's employ, is wireless operator as well as valet, and through his rascality the Europeans are able to send out the alarm which quickly brings succor



ACT IV

Feeling that their doom is sealed, and that the man she loves is going to torture and death at the hands of the fanatical high priests, Mrs. Crespin (Olive Wyndham) is ready to succumb to the Raja on his promise to save Dr. Traherne, when suddenly the droning roar of British planes is heard above the palace. Rescue is at hand

ACT I

The Raja of Rukh (George Arliss) has the culture of an Indian potentate educated at Oxford, but the instincts of a barbarian. He has sworn to avenge himself on the English, and the unexpected arrival of Maj. Crespin and party affords him an opportunity eagerly awaited



Photos by Abbe

THRILLS AND COLOR IN "THE GREEN GODDESS"

IS IT LUCK OR PLUCK?

How Mrs. Whiffen won the title Grand Old Woman of the American stage

By CATHERINE ROBERTSON



THE leading woman was suddenly taken ill," said the little lady sitting in the big chair, and her voice was positively shaking, not—I grieve to state—in sympathy with the suffering leading lady, but just with the thrilling quality of her tale. "She just sent word to the theatre at the last moment, and I, who was playing a tiny part—the Fairy Floribel—only eight lines—was asked if I could play it! I said 'yes,' and I went right on, and I *made good!* No, I wasn't the understudy; there wasn't any understudy; but I'd stood in the wings every night, watching and watching and watching—because, you see, the leading woman could really act, and I was only a beginner and I wanted to learn to act—oh, how passionately I wanted to learn to—to express truth and beauty. So, of course, I knew every word of her part—I'd heard it so often—and then the opportunity came—just like that! Oh, dear—oh, dear! How exciting it was!"

There was a lilt of joy in her voice, and a sparkle in her eyes as she told it—the story of how opportunity came to the actress-girl who had been she, fifty-five years ago; the actress-girl who in 1865, was little Miss Blanche Galton, and is now the most-beloved veteran actress of the American theatre, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

"I was a lucky girl!" Mrs. Whiffen added with a beaming smile; "oh, tremendously lucky!"

"Perhaps," I ventured, "because luck and ambition go hand in hand?"

DON'T be so sure of that!" said Mrs. Whiffen wisely, and very emphatically. "Of course, it all depends upon what you mean by 'ambition.'" Her tone grew confidential. "I've known ambitious men and women of the stage—or at least they said that they were ambitious—who were, at heart, what one might call—'artistic kleptomaniacs!' Their fingers were always itching for the other fellow's part, or opportunity, or success. No luck has ever, to my knowledge, gone hand in hand with such ambition as theirs. How could it? The luck that was in their vicinity, was disregarded, and it passed on, for their greedy eyes were ever on the Fortunatus' cap of

someone else—oh, what opportunities are missed by the 'artistic kleptomaniacs'! Such people need eyes in the back of their heads!" And she chuckled delightedly at the picture.

"It's a funny thing," she mused, "the strange ambition to be in the shoes of someone else, shoes that wouldn't fit at all, and would make the alien wearer very, very uncomfortable! It's all so foolish—just like Cinderella's ugly sisters, who cut off their silly toes so that they could squeeze their feet into the glass slipper. If they had had sense—and if the 'artistic kleptomaniacs' had sense—they'd have known, and know today that when the fairies make a slipper for Cinderella, only Cinderella is destined to wear it!"

"But that's only one kind of ambition," she went on, "and there are so many, many different kinds. There is the ambition to be, if not in the other person's place, in a place even *more* imposing."

"In the centre of the stage," I suggested, "with the spot-light illuminating the one, and throwing the others into shadow?"

YES!" and she laughed, "and all the world—especially the actors and actresses of the world—gazing in awe, with dazzled eyes, upon one's name in electric lights, and reading press notices about pet poodles and limousines and country homes, and the once-unappreciative acquaintances declaring proudly: 'I knew her when—!'"

"And does luck always go hand in hand

with such ambition?" I asked Mrs. Whiffen.

"In exceptional cases—perhaps," she answered, her voice a bit puzzled. "Or so they tell me. Personally, I've never known a big success to come to one who wanted success for its own sake. I don't quite understand how it can ever be so—but they tell me—"

"They tell you, perhaps," I suggested, "of people who have fought for and attained stardom, because they would be stars, but; when you come to think it over, there are quite a few people, you know, who are carefully labelled and tagged 'star,' and then Mr. and Mrs. Public firmly remove the label by the simple process of removing their presence from the theatre where that 'star's' name blazes in electric lights, and betaking themselves to see real artists whom they, in love and admiration, have decorated with the star-label—yes?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Whiffen, quickly; "the star that drops out of sight must be the one whose only ambition was to be a star, not to—to—" She hesitated, and I was very still, for I felt that she was now on the point of telling me her definition of true ambition, the ambition that goes hand in hand with luck, on the road to success.

After a thoughtful pause, Mrs. Whiffen said slowly: "My experience in seventy-five years of living, in fifty-five years of acting, has taught me that success—which, in my profession I take to be the achievement of a dignified position as a worthy and loved artist—

that success comes to those who have no particular ambition to be—to be as famous, or almost as famous, or more famous than the other fellow; to be on a pedestal, and rich, and envied, perhaps.

"No, indeed! Life has shown me that to the really big people, success has always come as a *surprise!* And when the first surprise is over why, they just forget all about being successes, and go on living as they have always lived, guided in every step by the ambition, not to *be*—but to *do*; to do the very finest, biggest work of which their hands and brains are capable. And their inspiration: the knowledge of a power to humbly express truth and beauty."

"So there we have it!" I said triumphantly; "the ambition with

(Continued on page 294)

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"DEBURAU": A fine play dealing with pathetic incidents in a mammer's life, admirably acted and presented with the wonderful detail that mark all Mr. Belasco's production.

"ENTER MADAME": Conventional comedy, serving to display the unusual gifts of Gilda Varesi.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GREEN GODDESS, THE": Thrilling melodrama, with picturesque Indian background and excellent acting by George Arliss and company.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES": Production of rare beauty. Don't miss it.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE": Typical Shavian comedy—delightfully bizarre, extravagantly fantastic, splendidly entertaining.

"HONEYDEW": Pleasing musical comedy with Zimbalist score and lavishly staged.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success—with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"MARY ROSE": Barrie's latest play of the never-never kind. Strange, unusual, yet absorbingly interesting.

"SALLY": Tuneful, decorative and delightfully entertaining musical comedy, introducing the exquisite little dancer, Marilyn Miller as a star.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH": Tense drama introducing Ben-Ami, a temperamental, forceful actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, who gives an impressive, interesting performance.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN": New variation of the eternal triangle—three vividly drawn types of husband, wife and lover.

"TICKLE ME": Musical comedy with elaborate stage investiture and the inimitable Frank Tinney.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

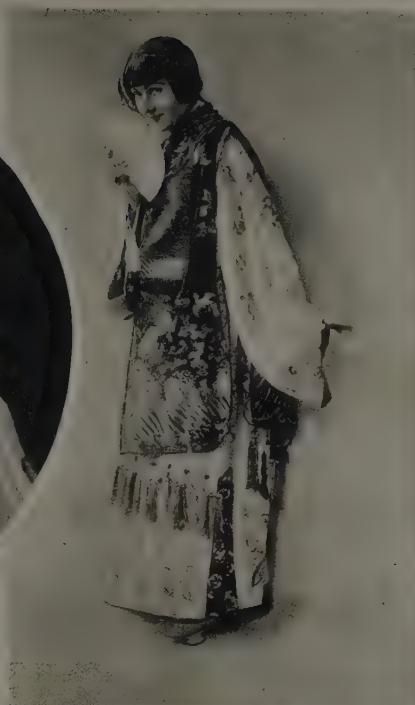
"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.

"ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.



SYLVIA NELIS
Leading woman in "The
Beggar's Opera" in the
costume of 18th Century
England



JULIETTE DAY
Chinese princess in
"The Yellow Jacket"

Photos by Bachrach



WINIFRED ANGLIN
Basque peasant girl in
"Transplanting Jean"



MARIA ASCARRA
Castillian beauty, playing Miradel
Carmen in "Spanish Love"



GLADYS HANSON
Arabian princess in "Mecca"

MAIDS OF MANY LANDS



GRACE GEORGE

Consistent with her ambition to establish a repertory theatre for the production of worthy plays, Miss George has resumed her activities as an actress-manager. Her first production was "The New Morality" by Harold Chapin, a young English dramatist, which will soon be followed by a comedy from the French of Paul Géraldy

EMILY STEVENS

A new and unusual photograph of this always interesting actress. Having closed in "Foot Loose," Miss Stevens has been absent from the stage for some time recuperating from an illness. She will be seen again on Broadway before the close of the season in a new play by a well known author



Hixon Connelly

NORA BAYES

Even genealogy has ceased to be tedious in the expert hands of the popular and inimitable Nora Bayes. "Her Family Tree," a fantastic musical play, affords ample opportunity to display the actress's charm and talent



THREE DOMINANT WOMAN STARS



Hixon-Connelly

GRACE LARUE

This dashing comedienne, who has endeared herself to that great army which fills our vaudeville houses, is now being starred on Broadway in "Dear Me," a comedy of sunshine and sentiment. As a dispenser of happiness to miserable humanity, she is a familiar enough figure, and this latest brand will appeal to those who like their amusement sugar coated

OLD FAVORITES

(Right)

THIS droll Irish comedian, so long associated with Jefferson, was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1831. In 1852 he was a member of Brougham's Lyceum, where he appeared for the first time in Irish characters. He and his wife, Malvina Pray, appeared together at Purdy's National Theatre, June 8, 1853, as the Irish Boy and Yankee Gal, and for many years continued to be billed jointly. His most pronounced hit was as Hon. Bardwell Slote in "The Mighty Dollar," in 1876



WILLIAM J. FLORENCE

(Below)

MARIE JANSEN

AMERICAN operetta singer, a great favorite with *habitués* of the Casino in the days of "Nadja," "Erminie," and other successes, who made her début at the Park Theatre in 1881. After some success as the Countess in "Olivette" she joined the forces of Col. McCaull, appearing in "The Beggar Student," her first big hit. Rudolph Aronson then engaged her for the New York Casino, and on May 14, 1888, she appeared for the first time in the title role of "Nadja." Later, she was leading woman for Francis Wilson.



MARY ANDERSON

FORTUNE'S favorite, "Our Mary," was born in California in 1859 and made her début when only sixteen in Louisville, Ky., as Juliet. Everywhere people went wild over her. "Her beauty," says a critic, "her graciousness, her intelligence, her refined manner and her unquestionable dramatic interest and ability contributed greatly to the honor and glory of the American stage while she adorned it." She was not a great actress in the sense that Cushman was, but of her great popularity there is no question. She retired from the stage in 1890



E. L. DAVENPORT

THIS tragedian, one of the most popular of American players, was born in Boston in 1815 and made his début in 1836 in Massinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts." In 1846 he played Romeo to the Juliet of Mrs. Mowatt and later became a Shakespearean star, his Hamlet ranking second only to Booth's. "His Bill Sykes," writes a critic, "was one of the most terrific exhibitions of savage blackguardism ever witnessed on the stage, while only Booth could excel him in the craft and finesse of Richelieu." He was last seen in New York in 1876



© Falk

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



HENRY MILLER'S. "WAKE UP, JONATHAN." A comedy in three acts by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Produced on January 17th, 1921, with this cast:

Jonathan Blake	Charles Dalton
Marion Blake	Mrs. Fiske
Helen Blake	Helen Holt
Junior Blake	Frank Hearn
Peggy Blake	Lois Bartlett
Chippy Blake	Nadia Gary
Bernard Randall	Donald Cameron
Douglas Brent	Fleming Ward
Adam West	Howard Lang
Jean Picard	Freddie Goodrow
Jennie	Edith Fitzgerald

THERE is no circle in which woman's influence is more potent than in the theatre. Managers must minister to their tastes or they stay away and, what is more, also keep away the masculine contingent. The women are said to be strong for "Wake Up Jonathan." Therefore, I predict success for Mrs. Fiske's new starring medium.

The theme of the play is that cave-man processes are a joke and hold no terror for the feminine heart. This was originally set forth by Marionettes in an introduction to the comedy by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice, but it has been discontinued. Their own fable was sufficiently clear without the aid of this symbolical embellishment, which, however, was distinctly interesting and most dextrously and intelligently manipulated.

"Wake Up Jonathan," with much humor and satirical invention, shows what a really inferior and hopeless an individual is the successful man of affairs in the hands of a woman fine of purpose and with an abundance of humor. Jonathan Blake, making provision, meanwhile, for his family, goes out into the world untrammelled by the fettering chains of domesticity so that his full powers may find perfect expression in the accumulation of money. He becomes a magnate and returns home to demonstrate just how things should be done, according to his formulae, in his own household. That he fails ignominiously is, of course, inevitable, and the lesson is driven vividly home that women know a great deal more than some

men give them credit for. This is all revealed in many amusing scenes and to the running accompaniment of bright scintillating dialogue.

As the wife who teaches her husband his proper place in the domestic economy, Mrs. Fiske is delightfully alert, vivacious, gentle, yet firm, snapping out her lines with a humorous zest that makes them particularly telling.

Charles Dalton is splendidly happy as the self-satisfied, pompous man of affairs. A capital characterization in every particular. As a foil, the man of feeling and sensibility, who measures neither life nor success by dollars, is gently portrayed by Howard Lang. A comprehensive and very necessary contingent of children are artistically in evidence.

SELWYN. "DIFF'RENT." Play in two acts by Eugene O'Neill. Produced January 31, 1921, with this cast:

Captain Caleb Williams	James Light
Emma Crosby	Mary Blair
Jack Crosby	Eugene Lincoln
Captain John Crosby	Alan MacAtcer
Mrs. Crosby	Alice Rostetter
Harriet Williams	Elizabeth Brown
Alfred Rogers	Idea Thompson
Benny Rogers	Charles Ellis

THE second of the season's bills followed its predecessor uptown to Broadway for a series of matinee performances. Like their first production, "The Emperor Jones," it is also a play by Eugene O'Neill.

The author announces it as a daring study of feminine sex psychology, and his exposition of the theme is somewhat curious. The central figure is a girl whose people are rough, bluff, swearing, seafaring men, and who is, herself, about to be married to the captain of a whaling vessel. She considers herself "different" from any of her family and also from her lover's sister, having ideals that none of them understand. She has idealized the man she is about to marry and thinks him likewise "different," but when on the eve of the wedding she learns from a joking story told by her brother that her ideal is shattered and he is a man much like his fellow-men, she

declares her love for him is killed, refuses to marry him, and sends him about his business.

Between this first act and the second act there is an interval of thirty years; and the girl, now a dried-up, faded old maid, trying to conceal her state by paint, powder, dyed hair and girlish clothes, is entertaining an autumnal passion for the nephew of her old-time flame, an absolutely worthless and degraded returned soldier. He fools her to the top of his bent; and she who ruined her life by giving quick credence to a silly story told thirty years ago, now refuses to believe a single word against this debauched youngster until he incautiously "spills the beans," to use his own phrase, and all is over. Learning at the same moment that her first lover has hung himself in his barn, she starts, as the final curtain falls, for her own barn.

It is not a pleasant play, and there are some queer twists of psychology in it. But it is interesting, and was interestingly, though at times, amateurishly, played. Mary Blair gave a seriously studied and in the main, consistent portrayal of the character of Emma Crosby. The Capt. Williams of James Light was a sincere piece of work. But the best playing in the entire cast was done by Charles Ellis, who was to the life the degenerate, heartless, good-for-nothing soldier.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "EYVIND OF THE HILLS." Tragedy in four acts by Johann Sigurjonsson, translated by Henning Krohn Schanche. Produced February 1, with the following cast:

Halla	Margaret Wycherly
Kari	Arthur Hobl
Bjorn	Byron Beasley
Arnes	Edward G. Robinson
Gudfinna	Beatrice Moreland
A Shepherd Boy	Raymond Guiron
Arngrim A Leper	Lloyd Neal
A District Judge	Charles P. Bates
Tota	Elfin Finn
Jon	Edward Begley
Jon's Wife	Helene Russell

IT is a well established fact that the suicide rate of the Scandinavian race is higher than that of any other. Judging from the numerous

murders which occur in "Eyvind of the Hills," homicides in that part of the world run suicides a close second.

"Eyvind of the Hills," written by Johann Sigurjonsson, is a fine example of the dark workings of the Scandinavian mind. It is about as gloomy, and morbid, and depressing as any play could be. Its principal weak point lies in the fact that no effort is made to stress the feature that the bitter and soul-biting cold of the Iceland is enough to congeal the heart of any one forced to live there. If this point were brought out in a stronger way, more sympathy would be created for the heroine, who murders her two little children and commits a good many more crimes before she kills herself. As the play stands, Halla repels and shocks those who sit and watch her career of crime through twenty years or more of her life.

First of all, she leaves a clean and kindly community to become the mistress of a thief, with whom she flees to the hills, and lives with as an outcast. She murders her first born by putting it out in the snow; flings the other into a mountain stream; incites her husband to murder, later to suicide and then ends her own life. She is a first rate example of what a normal, well-balanced woman should not be.

Although the character of the heroine is not one to arouse sympathy, the play at times reaches great depths of tragic intensity. The last act, in particular, where the man and woman, starving in a wretched hut, realize that privation has killed their love, the one thing left them in life, is pitiful as well as harrowing.

Margaret Wycherly is forced to pour out copious supplies of emotion in the rôle of the woman who flees to the hills with the man of her choice. As she is an actress who has usually created favorable comment because of her repressed and natural way of delineating a character, she is not well cast. Arthur Hohl, as the outcast; Byron Beasley, as the villain bailiff who persecutes him; and Edward G. Robinson, give Miss Wycherly her principal support.

The play has decided literary value, and is, therefore, worth doing, but it is not a pleasant morsel for even the most hungry theatregoer.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "NEAR SANTA BARBARA." Romantic drama in four acts, by Willard Mack. Pro-

duced February 1, 1921, with the following cast:

Sheriff "Tod" Wilson	Howard Truesdel
Phil Yeager	Joseph F. Sweeney
Mike McKenzie	Charles Abbe
Nocka	T. Tomamoto
Ylario	Luis Alberni
Ysobel	Miss Zola Talma
Bud Jenks	Royal Stout
Mrs. Trainor	Clara Joel
Mr. Bill Trainor	Willard Mack

WHEN Mrs. Bill Trainor learned that her husband might be charged with murder she did not get very agitated. But when she stumbled across the horrible truth that her Mexican servant girl was the mistress of a male friend of the family, who had placed her in the Trainor ranch home, she went all to pieces. It was plain to be seen that the servant girls near Santa Barbara must have irreproachable characters. The fact that the Trainor's servant girl did not have one appeared to be the most important feature of "Near Santa Barbara," the melodrama by Willard Mack.

The title of this lurid little play is derived from the fact that the ranch owner and his wife, the principal characters, live near Santa Barbara. Very simple and easily understood! Why go to great pains to create a title which intrigues the interest when it is possible to dash off one in a hurry. There isn't much of a plot to Mr. Mack's new play. The ranchman, a character which Mr. Mack, himself, portrays, is a poor poker player, loses fourteen thousand dollars to a villain who doesn't appear so villainous on the stage, gets into an argument with him, and as the villain is leaving the house, he is shot by the sheriff. The ranchman's wife, in addition to standing by him, as all good wives should, doesn't do much else but get highly emotional over the moral shortcomings of her servant girl. Clara Joel is cast as the wife.

LITTLE THEATRE. "A WINTER'S TALE."

AN audience made up almost entirely of children, ranging from seven to twelve, were in front when Mrs. Constance Smedley Armfield, aided by her husband who designed the costumes, recently gave, as she termed it, a "synthetic" performance of "A Winter's Tale." The New York Kindergarten Association was to share in the proceeds.

It was a singular Shakespearean choice if it was known in advance

that juveniles would be the principal patrons. Leontes' base and unfounded charges against his wife might be difficult to explain, nor is its humor particularly appealing to juvenile intellects. Antolycus is a subtle study in mendacious and predatory psychology. Bottom would have been easier understood.

The condensed version presented was a reverent one, and the main story told in a progressively clear fashion. It is quite useless to refer in detail to the performers. They knew their lines and meant well. That is about all there is to be said, save that the old Shepherd shone with effulgence.

PRINCESS. Ruth Draper in original character sketches.

IT is not possible to compare Miss Draper with anyone else, for she is incomparable.

Without any of the adventitious aids of scenery, costumes or lighting effects, she manages, through sheer force of personality, a mobile countenance, a quick wit, a keen perception and sense both of humor and pathos, and with many deft touches, to impress on the memory of each of her auditors a whole gallery of finely etched character portraits. With apparently no effort she is able to stir the imagination to a vivid realization of the principal portrait in each of the little dramas she presents and at the same time to bring out more or less distinctly, as occasion requires, the lesser characters with whom she peoples her stage.

In her first recital here (January 27), since her return from great success in London, her program swung from gay to grave and back again, and included the voluble and volatile French dressmaker; three generations of Russian Jews, finely differentiated portraits which preserved at the same time the family resemblance; a typical New York society girl who calmly forgets all her other engagements when the man comes along; the old Irish woman who relates the story of her son's share in the war; the vivid portrait of Nancy, the girl who served "ham and—, sinkers and cawfee," in the lunch room of a railway station on the western plains; the English woman showing her garden to a friend and her frantic efforts to make it seem at its best when it was not; and the final emotion-gripping picture of the French mother, babe in arms, seeking vainly her man among



Eleanor Griffith singing her Dutch song, "The Little Love Mill," in the Ziegfeld Frolic

Paris, 1793. Place de la Revolution. Miss Loftus as the unhappy (n o w decapitated) Queen of France, New tableau arranged by Ben Ali Haggin



Photos by White

TABLEAUX GAY AND GRIM IN THE NEW ZIEGFELD FROLIC

the war-bedraggled members of his returning regiment.

There is in all Miss Draper's work such a preponderatingly human appeal as would make it understood and enjoyed by much larger audiences than the exclusive few that can be seated in a theatre like the Princess. It is a pity that this appeal cannot reach all who would respond to it.

CENTURY. "IN THE NIGHT WATCH." Play in three acts by Michael Morton, adapted from "La Veille d'Armes," by Farrere and Nepoty. Produced on January 29th, 1921 with this cast:

Lieutenant Brambourg	Cyril Scott
Alice Perlet	Margaret Dale
Eugenie de Corlaix	Jeanne Eagels
Commander Dulec	Paget Hunter
Commander Fargasson	Knox Orde
Lieutenant D'Artelle	Edmund Lowe
Captain de Corlaix	Robert Warwick
Chief Engineer Birodat	Robert Thorne
Surgeon Ribot	Harold de Becker
Dagorne	B. Huntingdon
Le Luc	Max Figman
Commander Mowbray	Maclyn Arbuckle
Captain de L'Estissac	John Webster
Rear Admiral deLutzen	Walter Walker
Admiral Challecomt	Joseph Morrison
Admiral Loubat	Jefferson Murray

ON January 29, this long heralded French melodrama was finally shown to the American public, but even after its several postponements the production was far from ready, and whatever success the play might have met with here was seriously compromised on that account.

The play deals with the exploits of the French Navy, and the trouble which any pretty and flighty young woman can create aboard her husband's ship. The third act calls for a naval engagement. One sees the bridge of the warship at midnight, with the guns thundering, the signal lights flashing, the sailors charging up and down the companionways through the smoke. It was all very thrilling—what there was of it. Unfortunately, the managers, in their haste to pitchfork the thing on the stage, omitted some of the best scenes and committed other blunders that weighed heavily against success.

The programme read, "Act I, Scene 1, The French fleet mobilized on the eve of War in the harbor of Toulon." The curtain was raised, however, on Scene 2 without further explanation. Upon enquiry, the writer was told that the first scene, *not being quite ready*, was omitted.

In the bridge scene, Act III, the man-of-war, torn to pieces by tor-

pedoes, was supposed to sink and disappear, but here again the machinery, *not being quite ready*, refused to work.

The French atmosphere of the piece was entirely lost to the *cognoscenti* by blundering stage management. For instance, the uniforms of the French officers were all wrong. The French navy cap is soft, falling on the visier, not the rigid kind of the English navy. The gold gallons on the sleeve are close to one another. The cross of the Legion of Honor is worn over the heart, not in the centre of the chest. Such mistakes are amazing on the part of producers of the prominence of the Shuberts, and they are errors that could easily have been avoided, for the Naval Attaché at the French Embassy would promptly have put the dot on the I. These details may appear to be of small importance, but they are of vast importance to the stage illusion. A group of French people behind me were laughing at these idiocies.

A large number of stars and prominent actors were associated in the cast. Think of seeing Robert Warwick, Maclyn Arbuckle, Max Figman, Cyril Scott, Edmund Lowe, Margaret Dale, Jeanne Eagels and many others in one play! The pity of it is that hardly one of them, with the possible exception of Miss Eagels, is given a chance to do anything worthy their merits.

CENTURY PROMENADE. "THE MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS OF 1921." Extravaganza with music by Jean Schwartz. Lyrics by Alfred Bryant. Produced Feb. 5.

THE present production of the "Midnight Rounders" is a swift-moving, kaleidoscopic spectacle, not differing from any others of its species in any essential particular. There are lots of girls who appear and reappear in a series of richly varied costumes in which the quantity of the material is in inverse ratio to the quality; and these girls sing and dance in an aimless half-hearted fashion in keeping with the drivel of their songs.

There are several principals for these songs including Tot Qualters, a decided favorite, Olga Cook, Ethel Davis, Corinne Sales, Harold Murray and others; and there were some solo dancers, among whom the cleverest were La Petite Marguerite and her partner, John Guiran, in an exhibition of posturing and toe danc-

ing; and Ada Forman in a picturesque oriental number.

Arthur Donnelly did some shadow pictures on a screen that were not half bad, and Joe Browning made some remarks about the show that were not half good.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD NINE O'CLOCK FROLIC." Produced Feb. 8.

FLO Ziegfeld, Jr., to the bar! You are accused of putting another success over on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre. Do you plead guilty or not guilty? Guilty, of course. What other answer could be expected? Unquestionably Ziegfeld hits the bull's eye again with his nine o'clock revue.

The gorgeous costumes of Andre Sherri, Lucile and Mme. Frances, the daintiness of the Love Mill, conceived and designed by César Giris, the captivating sporting scene at Saint Moritz and the scenery of Urban are a feast for the eye. As for the principals—headed by that always delightful comedian and singer, Anna Wheaton, Oscar Shaw, Jack Hanley, the cleverest juggler seen in New York, the dancing of the Fairbanks' Twins and the ensemble of pretty girls, form an entertainment that any country might envy.

Ben Ali Haggin is again represented with two gorgeous tableaux. The staging, under the direction of Ed. Royce, is letter perfect.

ELTINGE. "THE WHITE VILLA." Drama in 3 acts, by Edith Ellis. Produced Feb. 14 with this cast:

Richard Lindtner	Edward Ellis
(Courtesy of Wagenhals and Kemper)	
Dr. Rothe	Edward Reese
Director Schlegel	Phillip Wood
Lillie Rothe	Dothea Fisher
Elsie Lindtner	Lucile Watson
(Courtesy of the Theatre Guild)	
Magna Wellman	Olive Oliver
Joergen Malthe	Frank Morgan
(Courtesy of Miss Nora Bayes)	
Jeanne	Doris Kenyon
Torp	Anita Rothe
Nils	John Clements

IT is a pity that "The White Villa" is presented only at special matinees, for it is the well constructed sort of play which should be given its chance. This dramatization, by Edith Ellis, of the Danish novel "The Dangerous Age," and presented by The Players Fellowship, has all the elements which go to make drama of real life. There is nothing

(Continued on page 298)



Moffett

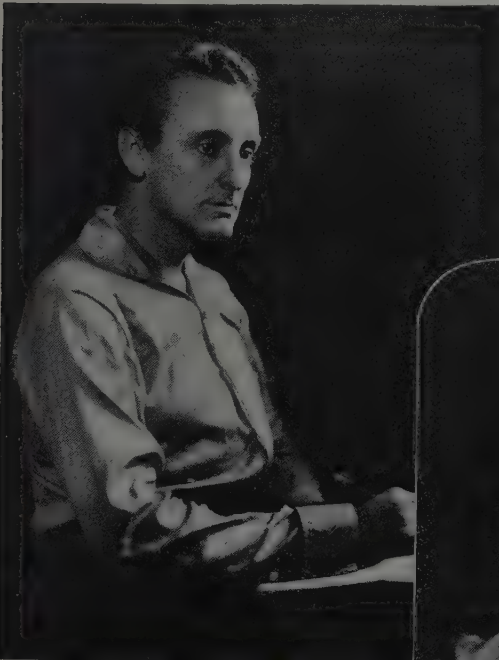
MARY GARDEN IN A NEW ROLE

Tired of being only a single star in the operatic heavens—no matter how brilliant a luminary—this favorite artiste has taken the reins of management into her own hands and now controls the destinies of the Chicago Opera Company, in addition to continuing singing. Dealing with temperamental singers is a job that few men can handle successfully, but the prima donna does not balk at her difficult dual rôle. "I am an Anglo-Saxon," she says, "and we love, by gosh, nothing better than a fight!"



RUTH DRAPER

American monologist who has won international fame in her original character sketches—pathetic and humorous vignettes of life. On her return from a successful tour in England recently, this interpreter appeared at a series of matinées at the Princess Theatre



Bachrach

BUTLER DAVENPORT

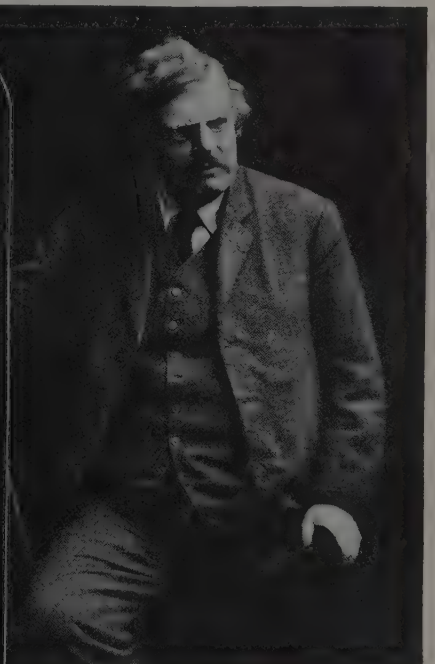
Actor, producer and chief protagonist of the Bramhall Playhouse, which he, in person, helped to construct. The little theatre is to be enlarged, Mr. Davenport having acquired the adjoining property. One of the first productions in the more commodious house will be "The Cherry Orchard" by Chekov



Edward Thayer Monroe

CLARE KUMMER AND HER DAUGHTER

Here the author of countless Broadway successes is seen in a new guise—the proud mother of Marjorie, a charming replica of herself. The young girl is also attracted to the stage, but as an actress, not as author. She made her début recently as Lydia in her mother's amusing comedy, "Rollo's Wild Oat," and gave a performance that, for a beginner, was more than creditable.



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

England's famous essayist, novelist, poet, who is making his first lecture tour of America. Chesterton is the only Englishman who ever succeeded in vanquishing Bernard Shaw. In a recent debate, G. B. S. was utterly routed by the rapid fire logic of his colleague, whose sparkling epigrams and whimsical paradoxes are the delight and despair of his audiences

THEATRE GUILD TWO YEARS AFTERWARDS

Success of this co-operative organization one of the theatrical surprises of recent years

By DUDLEY DIGGES



THERE is no more interesting organization of the theatre than the New York Theatre Guild. They have offered the theatre-going public novelties that have brought them artistic and financial success, and for the first time an organization which is not purely commercial in its standards, is a success from every angle. Mr. Digges has played in all but three of The Theatre Guild's productions, and he has been conspicuous in their greatest successes. He directed the production of Shaw's "Heartbreak House."—Editor.

IT is practically two years since the New York Theatre Guild offered its first production, "Bonds of Interest." Since then, this co-operative organization, patterned as it was upon the Guild idea that banded together the trade workers of mediæval England, has not only proved itself to be an artistic success, but so careful have been its productions, so great the co-operation of the theatre-going public, that it can also be written to the credit of the Guild that it is a financial success.

Strictly speaking, this article is not by a member of the Guild, although I was present on the stage at its first performance, and have played in every production save three, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "The Power of Darkness," and "The Faithful," which were presented during the tour of "John Ferguson." Incidentally, the honor of directing the production of Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House" was given to me. While not an actual member of the Guild, the organization has had my undivided attention since its inception, and it has been possible for me to regard its work with the greatest of seriousness, to admire and criticize, while still standing apart from the actual heart of the organization.

THE scope of the Theatre Guild was to create co-operation between the producers—in this case, the actors—and the capitalists—the men who manage the productions. In the case of the Guild it was more or less of an adventure. The Guild has its board of managers, those responsible for the selection of the plays, the scenic qualities of the production, the choosing of who shall direct the plays, the casts, etc. The board of managers has the right to vote on all questions, and on them depends in a large measure the success or failure of the organization.

There has been a general impression that with one or two exceptions, stars of the theatre world playing special rôles, all of the players in the Guild's productions have been members of the Guild itself. This is not so. Each season there have been four or five players asked to spend the season with the Guild, and appear in each of the five or six productions to be made during the year. In other words, they were given contracts. So far this is strictly commercial. The novelty exists in the form of contract. The actual

salary is small, guaranteeing them enough to live comfortably, but nothing more. In addition to the salary, there is a profit-sharing percentage, money divided among the players after the weekly expenses necessary to the running of the production, have been paid. This percentage means that there may be times when the player gets only his actual guaranteed salary, but there will be other occasions when a play is a great success, when the profits will be large.

Such an arrangement is truly co-operative. And it not only works out practically to the advantage of the player, but it lifts the spirit of the performance to a high standard. It must, for the player is always striving for perfection.

OF course, it is only by some such arrangement that such an experimental organization as The Theatre Guild could be carried on, plus, of course, the backing which has been offered by the public.

Carefully analyzing the reasons why The Theatre Guild can write Success next to its name after two years, one must first consider the quality of the plays presented, secondly, the players who have interpreted the rôles.

Of the plays the greatest success has been obtained by St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson," with "Jane Clegg," by the same author, and Shaw's "Heartbreak House," is at present breaking all records.

These, of course, have had the value of depicting contemporary life. They are fairly close to American audiences. All the plays, with the exception of the dramatization of William Dean Howells's, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," were from the pens of foreign authors. That, of all the productions, only one should be the work of a native dramatist, will be a matter of further comment.

The program outlined for each year has been varied, and while there have been three plays that have reached popular demand so that they have established "runs," the plan has been to present a new play every six or eight weeks. I do not think that it was generally expected that "Heartbreak House" would have a long run—it seemed to those who had read the text to be unfitted for the stage.

WHEN it was suggested that I direct the play, my first sensation was one of hesitancy. It was an honor, I thought, and an opportunity, but was I competent to do it? I took three days to summon up courage enough to undertake the production.

As a matter of fact, "Heartbreak House" was not a difficult job. It was surprisingly easy. What it required, primarily, was a first-class company of intelligent players, men and women who would take the trouble to define in their own minds what Mr. Shaw meant by his epigrammatic passages. Of course, being a Shaw production, it could not

be cut. The play was long, and it was evident from the very first that a great deal depended on the tempo at which it was played. A few rehearsals, and all the players understood this necessity.

As for the rest, a careful study of the preface plus the almost minute stage direction which Mr. Shaw gave to the printed copy, made the rehearsals very smooth. As a matter of fact, it would have been quite correct to have stated on the programme, "Play produced by the author." The critics, the public, have been kind enough to say that the performance is a success. I believe Mr. Shaw once said that his plays always are a great success when they are properly acted. When we were rehearsing, various friends of the Guild shook their heads and admitted that "Heartbreak House" might artistically mark a step forward, but that financially we could not interest the public at large, unless the play was greatly retouched. They were wrong.

It has been remarked in certain quarters that the Guild has built up a large measure of its success through the visiting players, players from the commercial theatre, who were not actually members of the Theatre Guild.

It is only natural that any small organization wishing to give sincere productions would have to go outside its own circle to find players suitable to interpret varying types. For instance, in "Heartbreak House," Effie Shannon, Elizabeth Risdon and Lucille Watson were felt to be essentials. All of these ladies have been part of the purely commercial theatre for years, yet were quick to accept our invitation.

IT is very much to the credit of the American player that he should be willing to become at least, in a measure, a part of any such organization as The Theatre Guild. The best players on the American stage have shown their interest, and offered their services, as was expected. As a whole, the theatre at large has been accused of gross commercialism, our actors and actresses are said to think first of the dollars represented in their contracts, secondly, of their art. Such is not the case. We are as earnestly endeavoring to do the better thing as any stage in the world, and that such an organization as The Theatre Guild is a success reflects credit on the actor as it reflects credit on the ladies and gentlemen who direct its affairs.

Going back to the subject of plays, no manager is more anxious to present a good American play than are the board of The Theatre Guild. In reply to the query as to why there have not been more American plays offered during the three seasons, it is possible to answer by calling attention to the plays that have been produced in the strictly commercial theatre. With the possible excep- (Continued on page 296)



Scene in Masfield's poetic drama, "THE FAITHFUL," beautifully mounted and costumed by Lee Simonson

Bruguère

The close of Tolstoi's tragedy, "THE POWER OF DARKNESS." Setting by Lee Simonson



Photocraft

Dramatic moment in St. John Ervine's play of English middle-class married life, "JANE CLEGG"



Bruguère



White

Striking situation in St. John Ervine's drama, "JOHN FERGUSON"



Bruguère

Dudley Digges in Pinski's comedy of Jewish life, "THE TREASURE"

SOME REASONS FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE THEATRE GUILD

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

who, as Grandma Bett, in Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," adds another notable portrait to her gallery of stage characterizations. Last season Miss Hale appeared as old Mrs. Atkins, a confirmed invalid, in Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon." In addition to her histrionic talents, Miss Hale is a writer of distinction

Abbe



(Below)

TOM WALSH

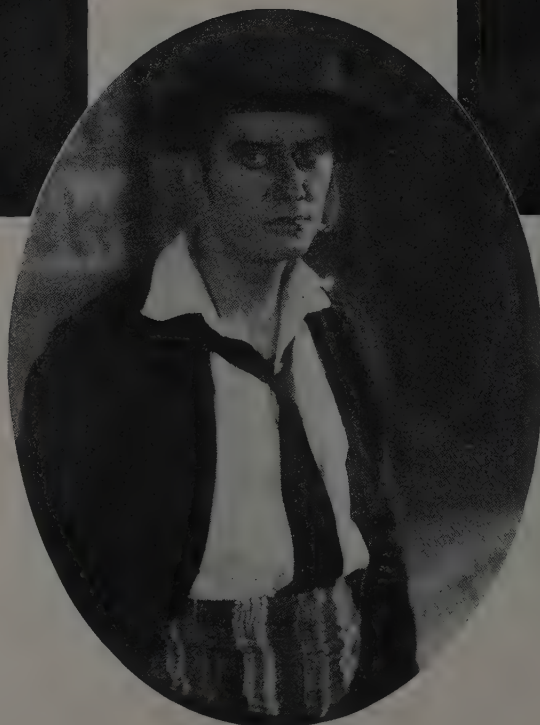
whose performance of Updike, the detective in "Cornered," is the culmination of a long line of similar parts. He made his debut in New York as Simon Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the old Star Theatre and last season played the rôle of Laramie Jim in Augustus Thomas' "Palmy Days"



Edward Thayer Monroe

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

This promising young actor, who plays Chet, Florence Reed's brother, in "The Mirage," is a graduate of Prof. Baker's Harvard playwriting course and made his debut as Tytyl in Winthrop Ames' production of Maeterlinck's "The Betrothal." He will be best remembered as Peter in "Romance and Arabella" and as Sam Wilson in "The Country Cousin"



Photocraft



Baker Art Gallery

JAMES RENNIE

The romantic lover, *Pencho*, in "Spanish Love," is one of the outstanding hits of that picturesque melodrama. Mr. Rennie is a graduate of the Northampton Municipal Stock Company and made his New York debut with Ruth Chatterton last season in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." He recently married Dorothy Gish, the Griffith star

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



More and more the photoplay is assimilating different arts. Now come the Marion Morgan classic dancers who provide historic atmosphere in a new spectacular film, "Man, Woman and Marriage." They are here pictured in one of their most impressive scenes, "The Dance of the Amazons," which is both beautiful and striking, and lends distinction to the picture

FLORENCE VIDOR

This new star, soon to be seen on the screen, is the wife of the well-known director. She is now being filmed in "Magic Life," a picture promised for early release

NATURE AND ART BRING BEAUTY TO THE SCREEN

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



MOVIE Fans, once more you can be happy! Charlie Chaplin has returned to us, after a long absence, with a comedy that outshines even his former hits. His new picture, "The Kid," certainly outdoes in humor and the special brand of Chaplin pathos, anything this popular film star has yet produced. There are almost as many tears as laughs in this new First National release—which proves the contention that Charlie is almost as good a tragedian as he is a comedian. Sharing honors with the star is little Jackie Coogan—an astonishing youngster who plays the title rôle in a manner demonstrating that he has a distinct personality of his own.

MOST of the situations are, naturally, of the sort that only Chaplin, himself, could do full justice to. Those scenes in which he proceeds to master the many intricacies of dressing and feeding, which "mothering" the kid involves, show the star at his best. It is the sort of thing that made him famous. But also in the sentimental passages he succeeds in holding us. The harrowing farewell, when hard-hearted officials take the youngster to the county orphanage, brings tears and throaty lumps.

"The Kid" may be counted a screen masterpiece. Full of novel features, the story wins by its very simplicity. The abandonment of the child by its parents, its adoption by Charlie, the ne'er-do-well, to whom he proves the one vivid thing in a drab, unhappy life, and the subsequent return of the mother, now a famous singer, who takes back not only the child but his guardian as well—all that is the stuff of which telling pictures are made.

BETTY COMPSON, an actress who specializes in emotional rôles, is appearing in "Prisoners of Love," a picture made by her own company. All the charm and depth of feeling which won this artiste well-deserved laurels in "The Miracle Man," are again felt in this latest screen appearance. She makes of the heroine a sympathetic, genuine woman who captures her audience from the very first scene. Many impressive situations sustain interest in this story of a girl who, in considering everybody except herself, gives her love to a man who has won her heart, but who proves unworthy of her trust. A quieter, truer passion follows the first disillusionment, and the man who has always loved her comes into his own much to the satisfaction of the audience who disagreed with the lovely Betty from the start on the subject of her first choice. Emory Johnson and Roy Stewart are convincing as the men who complete a triangle quite different from that which goes to make up the usual screen romance.

THE Cinderella theme has been the basis of innumerable screen productions, but this child's classic is always popular and lends itself admirably to pictorial representation. "Forbidden Fruit," the new Cecil de Mille production, while founded on that idea, holds other things as well to captivate an audience. So well did it succeed in fascinating New York that it was held for a two weeks' engagement at the Rivoli—which as every film fan knows is a distinct achievement in itself. In this picture, Agnes Ayres appears for the first time as a De Mille heroine—rather a far ways removed from the O. Henry rôles in which she first won favor—and her charm and beauty are seen to their best advantage. The production is lavishly portrayed—the scenes in the crystal palace being exceptionally worthy of praise. The story, dealing with the faithful little wife of a worthless husband who gets the first thrill of her life when she substi-

tutes for a non-appearing guest at a fashionable dinner and wins the heart of the guest of honor, intrigues one's interest to the very last when Destiny steers the heroine's affairs to a climax as happy as Cinderella's own. Forrest Stanley is pleasing as the hero and Theodore Roberts and Kathlyn Williams, true artists to their finger tips, portray the host and his wife in their own inimitable way.

GEORGE ARLISS is the latest of the stars of the legitimate stage to be lured to the screen by the click of the camera. His conversion to the film finds him in a characterization which fits his rather Mephistophelian personality like the proverbial glove—that of the title rôle in "The Devil." The story is familiar to all. The incarnation of the Evil One, himself, as a well-known society man of Paris, who delights in toying with the hearts of his associates and in breaking as many of them as he can, is the basis of an absorbing, if not altogether convincing, picture. At times, the spectator is apt to become irritated at the seeming density of the characters who allow themselves to be caught so easily in the traps baited by the Devil's clever tongue, but the interest is well sustained. "The Devil" is a picture worth seeing.

ONE can always count on clever entertainment in a Constance Talmadge film, especially when the continuity has been written by Anita Loos and John Emerson, as in "Mamma's Affair," the picture which aroused favorable comment during its run at the Strand.

An amusing prologue laid in the garden of Eden and depicting Eve as the first woman to discover nerves as a means of getting what she wants, opens the story with an interest-compelling motive at the start. Mrs. Orrin, faithfully characterized by Effie Shannon, has inherited the use of nerves from her famous ancestress and uses it to the best advantage. Her daughter Eve is the real sufferer from Mamma's "nerves," as the young doctor called to attend Mamma soon discovers. Eve is being forced into a loveless marriage with the son of Mamma's dearest chum and only an attack of real nerves brought on by worry and Mamma's saccharine nagging saves her from an unhappy alliance. Through the outspoken doctor, Eve learns to know Mamma for the neurotic hypocrite that she is and uses the knowledge in so successfully managing Mamma through throwing hysterical fits of her own, that she has things to her own liking, even to the extent of throwing over the unloved fiancé for the doctor.

Constance Talmadge, seen in a rôle different from her usual ones, make a sympathetic heroine of Eve. Kenneth Harlan is satisfactory as the doctor.

PAYING the Piper," is one of those pictures that are apparently put out for the purpose of making the poor satisfied with their own station in life, and not envious of riches. "Our best society," as seen in this film, lead a hectic, pleasure-mad sort of existence which makes them seem more like the personnel of a musical comedy than honest-to-goodness human beings, but their escapades are amusing and despite the fact that there is a marked tendency to overdo things throughout the entire production, it holds interest. In this production, Dorothy Dickson makes her screen début as the petulant, spoiled heroine who is determined to have things her own way and is so charming in the rôle that willy nilly one has to forgive everything she does. George Fawcett, a clever and popular character actor; Rod La Rocque, Alma Tell, Reginald Denny and Robert Schable are included in what might be termed an all-star cast.



NORMA TALMADGE IN
"THE PASSION FLOWER"

In the screen version of Benevente's volcanic drama of Spanish peasant life, Norma Talmadge plays the rôle of Acacia, the strange, silent girl whom her neighbors call "La Malquerida"—The Passion Flower

Abbe

GEORGE ARLISS

"The Devil" loses none of its force in its transition to the screen with George Arliss, happily cast in the title rôle. Incidentally, this is the first appearance in the films of this expert in subtle malevolence



STAGE SUCCESSES LIVE AGAIN ON THE FILM



CHARLIE CHAPLIN
IN "THE KID"

In his latest film Charlie has hit upon a fundamental fact—that the source of true comedy lies very near the secret springs of tears. "The Kid" would be a sad picture—if it weren't so funny!

SCENE IN "FORBIDDEN FRUIT"

Cinderella's gown is about to drop from her godmother's wand, and she is to go to the ball after all. Her adventures there are a never ending source of delight to all ages, and serve as a peg upon which to hang the spectacular and lavish film in which Agnes Ayres is starred



NEW PICTURES THAT ARE BOTH GAY AND SAD

THE AMATEUR STAGE

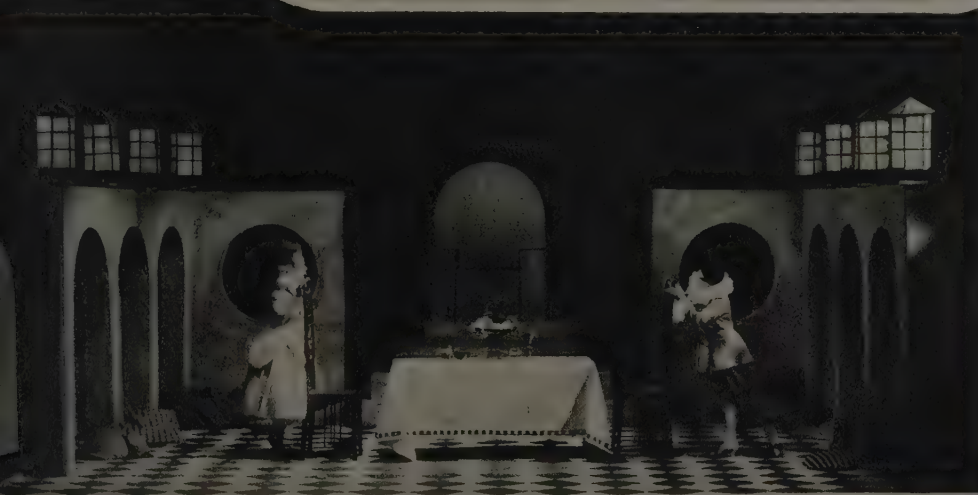
By M. E. KEHOE



Above: A production of "Dancing Dolls" at the Beechwood Theatre, showing the interior of the tent of strolling players in France in the eighteenth century. The picture gives but a vague hint of the effective spots of color introduced by the fabrics hung about the tent. The scenery and costumes were designed by the Beechwood Players



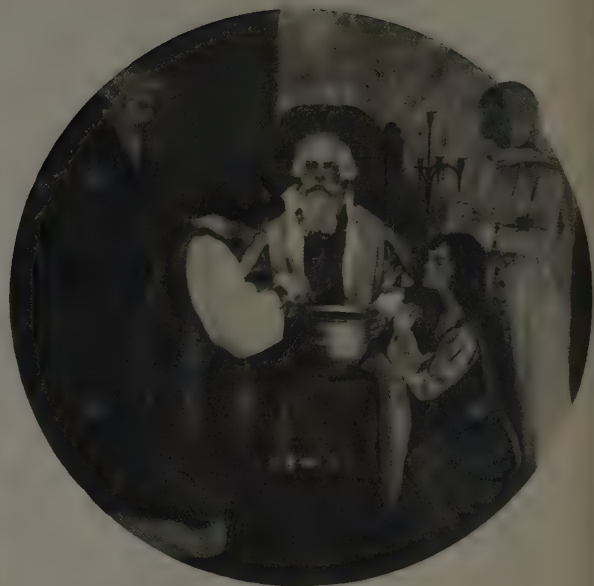
THE Beechwood Theatre at Scarborough - on - Hudson, New York. One of the most beautiful and completely equipped private theatres in America, made possible through the generosity of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip. The Beechwood Players Club, a community organization, purposes to establish in time what may justly be called a school of the theatre "wherein all of the arts which contribute to the complex art of dramatic expression may be studied through the medium of constructive recreation"



A fascinating scene from "Aria da Capo" with Miss Dauncey as Pierrot and Miss Odell as Columbine. The stage setting, costumes and properties were designed by the Beechwood Players and made in their own workshops. It is interesting to note that the effective arches were constructed of white beaver board set against a black velvet drop, which the introduction of the lamps effectively blotted out, throwing the background in complete shadow

Right: Mr. Paul Hunt and Mr. T. M. Cleland, as the Shepherds in "Aria da Capo"





Photographs by
Harvard Crimson

Left: W. B. Leach, Jr., as Manus, the King of Sorchu, and Miss Dorothy Googins, Radcliffe, as the Princess Nuala, before the window of the old King's hall at Burren,—gazing out onto the ocean at the bottom of the yellow cliff, from which the Dragon comes to devour the Princess and is turned back by the valor of Manus. The sunlight streams through the silvery leaves and crimson buds of trailing vines and the purple hangings of the window onto the soft coloring of the costumes and interior.—

Joseph Skinner as the Dall Gile—the Blind Wise Man; W. G. Leach, Jr. as Manus, King of Sorchu. W. V. M. Fawcett as the old King. Miss Dorothy Googins as the Princess Nuala, and Miss Mildred Ellis, as the Nurse, both of Radcliffe College. Manus, disguised as a cook, is showing the King special preparation in a great brazen mixing bowl, while the others look on with interest. The King is evidently thinking of what is in store for him—for he has meal every hour



Photograph—Flashlight by Notman, Cambridge

Set for "The Dragon," designed in Professor Baker's Workshop, showing a spacious hall in an ancient Irish castle through the great windows of which is seen a bit of the sea. Into the uneven stone masonry of the walls has gone a blending of blues, pinks and yellows—forming a complementary background to the whimsical action of the play. The costumes were designed to carry out the spirit of the play and to harmonize with the scene.

The Harvard Dramatic Club presents "The Dragon"

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

A LITTLE springtime play for children and young people which dresses up certain ordinary, everyday scientific facts of botany and entomology in moonbeams, flower petals and other fairy fabrics, and opens a pathway into the very heart of April, is "Garden Rivals," by Catherine F. Reighard.

The play has unusual possibilities for graceful and original dancing, sensitive expression and for variations of delicate and exquisite color planes and combinations. It can be adapted to any community and any locality, or school and may be an indoor or an out of door production.

It was recently presented in New York in the Rockefeller Garden by The National Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild, of which Mrs. John Wood Stewart is the founder and president. It has also been produced at New Canaan, Connecticut, by the junior members of the branch organization there.

The first act of this charming little play opens with an argument between young Brother and Sister who are planning a surprise for Mother's birthday. The "surprise" is to be a garden. Shall it be planted with flower seeds or vegetable seeds? The momentous question leads to—almost a passage at arms—the boy holding forth for vegetables, the girl for flowers—when bedtime halts the quarrel. Then, of course, Dream sweeps upon the scene. The boy becomes the King of Corn, the girl, the Queen of Hollyhocks.

Battle still rages. The queen, summoning her battalions of flowers, calls for reinforcement from all the "evil" birds and insects which kill vegetables. The vegetables retaliate in kind and bring against the flowers a veritable Macedonian phalanx of the insects which destroy them. Tragedy looms, when Mother Nature, who in the play is Mother, herself, comes to the rescue, signals for red-breasted robin, for kindly little Lady-bug and all of the other birds and insects which help both flowers and vegetables—and shows how they may all live and thrive and work together and be happy ever afterwards! Mother's "surprise" is accordingly quite perfect and by the play's end the children have learned a few important truths—psychological as well as botanical—and have had a beautiful time besides.

The author of the play, Catherine F. Reighard, has had considerable experience in community dramatics. Originally from Ann Arbor, Michigan, a graduate of the University of Michigan, 1915, she was connected for a time with the Ellis Memorial work of Boston and with New York War Camp Community Service. At "Camp Hanoum," Thetford, Vt., the summer camp and school directed by Professor and Mrs. Charles H. Farnsworth of Columbia University, Miss Reighard, put on "Mid-summer Night's Dream," and at Waltham, Mass., she recently gave a presentation of the masque of Pandora.



Hansel and Gretel, tired of wandering and lost in the woods. From the production of Hansel and Gretel by the Children's Dramatic Class of Washington, D. C. Community Service

THE activity in amateur dramatics shown by various groups in Washington, D. C., is increasing from month to month. As each new play, pageant and ceremonial is produced, a fresh interest is created. Community co-operation, once thought to be impossible for our capital city with its ever shifting, ever changing population, has now become an assured fact. Under the leadership of Marie Moore Forrest, director of Community Service Dramatics of Washington, D. C., churches, schools, government buildings, business and social clubs and groups of men, women and children are all uniting this year as never before in the recreational activities of the dramatic field.

The children's play of "Hansel and Gretel," for which the children's dramatic class prepared all fall and early winter, was produced on Saturday mornings during February. Each performance played to a crowded house. A children's pantomime matinee given by Community Service at Keith's Theatre ran an entire week. The Washington Club, The Calvary Methodist Church, St. Paul's Lutheran Church, The Noel Settlement House and the largest Jewish Temple in the city—all have recently given community plays under Mrs. Forrest's direction. The ceremonial presented in March by the Hebrews of Washington was a series of dramatic episodes depicting the high lights in the history of the Jewish race. It was given right in the synagogue with the accompaniment of choirs celestial and earthly.

At the International Ball, which is held in Washington every year, in January, Mrs. Forrest put on a dramatic interlude depicting allegorically the nations of the world, emerging from clouds, led by Sunlight to the Throne of Happiness. Mrs. Forrest also arranged the great memorial service which took place on Susan B. Anthony's birthday, February 15th, when the busts of the pioneer suffragists were presented to the Capitol. Miss Hazel

MacKaye assisted Washington Community Service in this significant ceremony in which seventy-five women's organizations, both national and local, took part. This was not a stage pageant but a beautiful and dramatic service of songs, costumes and flowers.

* * *

STRIKINGLY indicative of the growth of public interest in all forms of community dramatics, pageantry and singing, is the recent combined action of the largest film producers in America, Pathé News, International, Fox and Kinogram, to include these activities in their regular "News Weekly."

Considered as an integral part of Colonel Arthur Woods' "Good Citizenship" propaganda, amateur dramatic activities are held as important factors making for good citizenship along with playgrounds, social centers, games and athletics.

As all of these activities are promoted by Community Service, Incorporated, in conjunction with other associations, the Motion Picture companies concerned have requested this organization to supply the material, and to send them information regarding future events suitable for Motion Picture photography, the date, the time, place, etc., so that a photographer may be sent to each locality.

Mr. Howard S. Braucher, Executive Secretary of Community Service, Inc., has accordingly asked every community organizer in the United States to send work of proposed activities to national headquarters in time to make necessary arrangements with the Motion Picture companies.

A motion picture film made by Community Service under the direction of Miss Mabel Graswinckel is also now available for general use. This film shows all forms of community recreation activities which are now being developed through local groups. It is 1,000 feet in length, and may be run off in fifteen minutes. Miss Graswinckel, formerly of Chicago, is prominent in motion picture educational work. When connected with The Leggett-Gruen Corporation she specialized in the industrial division directed by Pathé News.

* * *

AT St. Paul, Minnesota, folk dancing is being taught in the St. Paul Association for the Blind by a group of young people who have been attending Miss Burchenal's Institute, and who volunteer their services.

* * *

SATURDAY morning entertainments in a theatre for children have been arranged for every week in Providence, R. I., by The Rhode Island Congress of Mothers' and Parent and Teacher Association. They are proving to be exceedingly popular.

* * *

ALIST of full evening plays suitable for High School use has been arranged by the Bureau of Educa- (Continued on page 302)



Miss Marguerite Doubleday as a Spanish dancer in "Forty Winks"



The Misses Dorothy Thompson, Martha Ottley, Genevieve Cawthra, Ada Heinze, Lillian Remsen, Dorothy Quinn and Allen Gray as they appeared in the musical fantasy, "Forty Winks," recently presented by the Alumnae of Spence School, New York, at the Hotel Plaza, for the benefit of the Society's home for babies



Miss Virginia De Haven, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. De Haven, who appeared as the Port of Galveston in "Ports of the World"



Mrs. John Warburton as Genoa and Miss Victoria Kellogg as Barcelona, in "The Ports of the World," presented by society debutants at the Century Theatre, New York, for the Actors' Fund of America



Miss Catherine Okie as Havana in "Ports of the World," a musical fantasy in which colorful representations of the ports of the world were depicted by society debutants

Society and the Amateur Stage

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan

The stage is becoming more and more a potent influence in fashion. In Paris, new plays always mean the launching of new fashions, and now America has become keenly alert to the significance of this influence. Elsie Mackay as Marie Duplessis in "Deburau," reflects that new persuasive fashion—the full skirt and snug fitting bodice, made off-the-shoulder with flowing lace sleeves. This style is being copied, *sans* the hoops, by one of the smartest New York designers. The skirt is full, but not circular, and has already been introduced in Paris.

Ivory Chantilly lace evening gown, worn by Miss Mackay in "Deburau." Three flounces of lace make the skirt, with a tight basque of cream colored faille, finished with a bertha of lace



The three pointed cape worn by Miss Mackay in "Deburau" is of cerise chiffon velvet edged with gray rabbit, and lined with gray crepe



The new cape of summer must harmonize with the quaint styles now so much in vogue, and must be equally appropriate for the Directoire style, recently introduced, and which seems to be a certainty. One of the exclusive New York houses is making the "Deburau" cape in velvet or crepe de Chine, sometimes with a high choker collar of squirrel or chinchilla. The return of the lace and neck curls accompany these fetching fashions, along with drooping feathers and new poke hats.



White Georgette is beaded in crystal and gold--the paneled skirt in scallops, swinging away from the flesh colored chiffon underskirt. A coral wreath trims the white cloche hat, and rose colored parasol finishes the costume

*Margaret Lawrence
in "Transplanting
Jean," beguiles with
her frocks and her
smile*

*Photos by
Ira Hill Studio*



Simply made of black chiffon velvet with the skirt scalloped at the lower edge, the accent of interest and style in the rich gold and blue brocade girdle and floating sash ends falling below the hem line. Again we note the potent influence of this style

It would no doubt surprise many well dressed women if they knew how many charming ideas embodied in fashions and accessories originated on the stage. The gowns in "Transplanting Jean" are all suitable for wear off the stage and are 100% American. We noticed that Miss Lawrence wears her skirt longer and that her shoes are chosen with exquisite taste; modified French sandals with a jeweled strap from toe to ankle for the more formal wear, and again the less conspicuous velvet and satin slipper with cut steel buckles



Long tight sleeves, round neckline, and shimmering zigzag design of crystal beads decorating the skirt! Extreme chic is manifested in wired lace sash of two immense loops at the back with hanging streamers well below the hem of the skirt. The hat, a modified poke topped with a brown pom pom

*Lynn Fontanne returns to America
in a winsome comedy "Dulcy"*

*Her wardrobe includes a Valesquez
gown of silver lace*



Models from
Bergdorf Goodman's

F. E. Geisler



The new fashioned wraps borrow great charm from the old fashioned styles and are decidedly versatile in their ways. In contrast to the "Deburau" cape we have the "Dulcy" dolman—a cunning warm wrap that snugs tightly about one. Miss Fontanne introduces one in coffee brown duvetyn banded in natural Caracul—part of a three piece costume, but easily worn as a separate wrap

(Oval)

For sports wear, and as she appears in the first act, Miss Fontanne wears one of the newest one-piece frocks of wild rose "golflex" with an adjustable collar and apron panel. White wool embroidery done in unique pattern adds much "dash and go" to the outfit. The hat is one of the new soft felt affairs with a pom pom of ribbon high in front



Soft gray crêpe de Chine makes a youthful little frock that slips over the head and is pulled in at the waistline with a soft sash at the back. Fringe—that ever smart and graceful decoration crosses the front of the skirt and cascades at the sides to the hem. The original touch lies in the fichu-shawl edged with fringe and handled in such manner by Miss Fontanne that it assumes the silhouette of various costumes in one

Three silver lace flounces made bouffant with tiny hoops, a snug little bodice and a bewitching arrangement of sleeves and train arrives at an adorable evening frock. The long sleeves fit closely over the arm and hand like an old fashioned silk mit even to the thumb opening. To further charm us, a train of silver cloth and jade chiffon is finished with jade bracelets to slip over the arm



Through the

By
PAULINE MORGAN

"MARIE-GAZELLE" PARIS

Suddenly, Polaire is very chic in Paris—she has come into new prominence in this serious drama, where she has an opportunity to wear some very smart frocks, and which, by the way, are being copied by many women in private life. Polaire is noted as the ugliest woman in Paris, and is distinguished for her very small waistline—the smallest in Paris, they say! She has opened a tiny theatre called, "Théâtre Marjal," which is the rendez-vous for the extreme élite, and artists of Paris. Polaire wears her frocks quite short, and very bare as to bodice, with few jewels to relieve the individuality of her arms and neck. Her bracelets are most exotic, in wide bands of jade and gold, balanced with heavy Oriental beads of carved design.

Emerald green gauze is an illuminating idea for an afternoon or evening frock, and such a frock worn by Polaire is shown in the sketch with a shallow bodice draped sidewise, and skimpily gathered skirt with tunic. Wound about her thin waist, is the inevitable girdle sash, which is always versatile in effect. In this case the ribbon is black, heavily embroidered in silk flowers and gold fringe. The bouffant frock is ruby velvet as to bodice, with flounces of black tulle. Toe slippers, or strapped, the heels are always brilliant in color or jewels, but Polaire shows a preference for the brocade sandal with a jeweled strap about the ankle.



"L'HOMME A LA ROSE" PARIS

This comedy-drama, as well as Monna Delza is the sensation of Paris! It is a Spanish play, all about handsome Don Juan, skilfully portrayed by André Brulé. Naturally, the costumes are Spanish, designed by Poiret, and they do declare in Paris, that the play was produced to further promote this graceful and picturesque style which seems to grow more tenacious in influence as the weeks flit by. And women love it, or this period would not constantly reveal new tricks of enhancing feminine charms. When Delza makes her first entrance, she is truly exquisite and amazingly costumed! She introduces the much heralded long cape with a hood—we didn't think it sounded attractive, but Delza has reversed our decision. It is shown in the sketch, done in black velvet, and lined throughout with rose velvet, resembling an old nun's cloak, and looking very austere and curious with its fullness growing more billowy as it reaches the floor. Gathered in full at the neck, a glorious hood, slightly stiffened, provides a new sort of *chapeau* draped with a lace veil.

The audience actually cheered when she removed this new fashioned *mantau*, for a charming old portrait seemed to have stepped from its frame, gleaming in a wide-hooped skirt of silver cloth with ruchings of silver, and a mantilla of silver lace. With artistic acumen, Poiret adds a touch of black in the tulle fan, and triangular earrings of onyx and diamonds. Delza's bracelets are also of this jeweled combination with the addition of several strings of pearls wound about the arm. The audiences attending this play at the Théâtre de Paris, are very smart indeed, with dancing between acts in the foyer, to an American jazz band.

Opera Glass

"AT THE RITZ" PARIS

A fashionable promenade every day of beautiful women, scintillating with jewels and that fragrant exotic atmosphere of priceless furs and fabrics! The French woman perhaps, spends more money on furs than on any other article of wearing apparel. She has a dozen fur wraps or so, appearing each day in something entirely new—sometimes in a long wrappy *mantau* of chinchilla, or perhaps the voluminous folds of squirrel or sable protects her form, slimly clad in clinging silken fabrics. These frocks are worn over the uncorseted figure, or at least, the uncorseted effect is arrived at by means of a girdle of elastic or tricot. Irregular panels, and sashes and fringe—and oh, how the Parisienne does love fringe!—are features of the little frocks, with short sleeves, very short, and dozens of bracelets, and always many ropes and chains of pearls.

The chapeau of the hour is of felt—soft felt with drooping plume, or perhaps, a small turban trimmed smartly with lace veils cascading from smartly tied bows. When the hat trimming does not droop downward, it flares both up and down, or is merely a flower bed of petunias and violets. The cut-steel buckle is in high favor, too, worn with round-toed French shoes of fabric or suede. Light stockings are usually worn, perfectly plain and of the sheerest quality.



"L'ETERNEL MASCULIN" PARIS

All the notables flock to this smart little "*bonbonnière*" theatre in Paris, where the play is very naughty, but very chic! Jane Renouardt is the rage, and is noted for her gowns and jewels—especially for her jewels, of which she seems to have veritable trunks full. As a matter of fact, she never repeats the same jewels in two different acts, and is always costumed by Lanvin. She it was who launched Lanvin's hooped dress last year, and which other couturiers are now sponsoring with added attractive feature. In "*L'Eternel Masculin*," however, Renouardt is wearing the most clinging effects as to gowns, confining her exploitation of the bouffant and circular styles to wraps, which are of the most voluminous character.

One that causes excessive exclamations in the risqué farce, is shown in the sketch, and is adorable for evening wear! It is a huge circular wrap of red velvet trimmed extravagantly in gray fox, and short enough to allow the slim skirted evening frock to hug the ankles with irregular shreds of lace and fringe. Contrary to the custom of the French woman at present of wearing stunning small hats with evening gowns, Renouardt chooses to arrange her coiffure in a cap-like effect, curved smoothly about the brow. In the seated figure, we show her wearing one of those slinky, clinging gowns made with a very long waist of folded mauve chiffon, with rose and mauve panels of metal brocade tasseled with jewels. Of course, narrow bands of jeweled bracelets circle the upper arm and wrist, with one huge emerald ring appearing to be a part of the dashing fan of Paradise feathers. Without these brilliant circlets, no real Parisienne would feel properly or smartly gowned.





Above:
In Mrs. Hamilton's bedroom the pièce de résistance is an early Italian four poster of carved walnut, caparisoned with a wonderful English chintz of black background patterned in soft shades of blue and green and rose. An old English wall safe, hangs with cord and tassels, beside the bed.

Below:
To carry out the Italian atmosphere in the bedroom there is an Italian dressing table and fine old Italian mirror with exquisitely carved frame, and early Italian chairs. The old hooked rug before the dressing table is especially interesting.



Below:
A close-up corner of the living room showing an old Dutch walnut cabinet that holds a very fine collection of willow pattern plates; an exquisitely beautiful Italian commode inlaid with ivory and an English wing chair. A portrait of Mrs. Hamilton's grandmother overlooks this charming corner.



Above:
A view of the large living room—a room in which one might live long and comfortably—whose walls tinted a pale green, form a charming background for gay chintzes and many exquisite artistic treasures: the Old Dutch cabinets filled with interesting pieces of Royal Dresden and Staffordshire; the Herculaneum teapot in the center of the mantle, said to be very rare; and the jolly copper covered urn, once the property of Henry IV of France. The latter was part of the Wallace collection, and later became the property of the Hertford family, who gave it to Mr. Cosmo Hamilton.



The Home of Cosmo Hamilton,
Playwright, and Mrs. Hamil-
ton, Whose Combined Tastes
Have Made It One of Unusual
Charm and Distinction

Upper:
A corner of the dining room with pictures of Mrs. Hamilton's children, Joan and Richard, painted by Virginia Keep Clarke, above the Jacobean sideboard. There are beautiful examples of Jacobean chairs and an early Italian cupboard surmounted by a woodcarving of St. Anthony.



Left:
One glimpse from the living room—a Jacobean court dresser—the center of interest in the dining room that has been in Mr. Hamilton's family for many years—its racks lined with Mason Ironstone plates, and an unusual example of an early refectory table with bulbous legs. The table by the door bears a Florentine leather wedding chest, embossed in gold.



Cosmo Hamilton's workroom and his inspired desk! This came down to him through his father and grandfather, the latter having used it in St James' palace when enquery to Queen Victoria. A portrait of Mr. Hamilton's father hangs above the desk and cartoons of actors and authors by Mr. Hamilton, himself, line the bookshelves.



Another view of the living room, showing the further treasures of a six-sided 15th Century Italian table in walnut; an early Italian secretory in whose niche stands a stone image of the Madonna; and mounting guard above it, a very old oil painting of Lady Jane Grey.

Angelina and Easter Bonnets

EASTER bonnets?" you ask me. "What do you mean 'Easter bonnets'? Is there any longer such a creature? We thought an Easter bonnet was as dead as a doornail."

It did seem so, didn't it? But it has come to life again, like so many other things in the fashion world. All due to the campaign for seasonal hats that the Retail Milliners' Association has been conducting.

For the first time in years we have not seen women rushing out into the January snowstorms with straw hats on their heads. At least not the smart women! Those who were going South, of course, picked out their straw hats early.

But the rest of us, who had to stay in town, kept to the hats we already had, if they were fresh enough. If not, we selected mid-season ones of satin or taffeta, to tide us over. Consequently, we are just beginning to buy



Ribbon makes the ideal sport hat! This "Cupid" hat of pale blue Democracy grosgrain, with its silk tassel, is so cleverly fashioned that it is alluring from every angle

our spring supply, which practically amounts to the return of the "little old" Easter bonnet of one's childhood. I can so well remember my first . . .

But I won't bore you. What you're doubtless concerned with is not my first, but my last. There it is at the top of the page, on the extreme right. At least it's one of them . . . Another, is the big hat at the bottom. The rest are Susan's. We made a team and went shopping together, an excellent arrangement, because we're so opposite in looks. What one wants the other doesn't. So there's no discord.

My little hat is exquisite! It's a "Cupid"



hat. In dove grey, made of narrow grosgrain ribbon and straw braid. Nothing more. Except its own veil of grey, that went with it. That's like a "Cupid," to give you "finish" on everything. I picked it up from the hat table where it was lying at Bonwit Teller's, thinking it awfully smart in line, but expecting it to be heavy in weight. But, great surprise, it was light as a feather. I tried it on at once, and could hardly wait to get it home.

Susan also bought "Cupids," the black one shown underneath my grey, and a sport hat



Bruck Weiss shows a hat in Batavia cloth, half of the brim being French blue in color, and the other half du orange, with a silk-embroidered band in gay tones



ALICE SIMON

When you buy a hat test it for lightness, which means becomingness. Lightness is a characteristic of all "Cupid" hats, of which the above, in pale gray grosgrain ribbon and straw braid, is one

Another "Cupid" hat for the early Spring shares the lightness of its neighbor and is of black straw with a black satin ribbon twisted smartly about the brim and spiked with an ebony pin



A very "special" little hat from Bruck Weiss, of small single-petaled velvet roses, with two striking horseshoe pins in onyx and brilliants for luck. It comes in a number of colors

of rows of grosgrain . . . with what a "chic" to it! No, we didn't pick them out purposely. They just happened to be the right ones. That's a "Cupid" to be right every time.

Then we thought we'd drop in at Bruck Weiss on 57th Street, to see what they had. And there I picked up the perfectly stunning big hat (see it left) of orange and blue Batavia cloth, with its outstanding band of embroidery. And Susan, the adorable toque (see it above), of pink velvet roses.



VAN RAALTE

Veils

*To be certain you're buying
a Van Raalte Veil, look for
this little white ticket on
every veil*

VAN RAALTE MAKE

SPRING AND SUMMER FURS

ONE AND TWO
SKIN EFFECTS

in

*Russian and Hudson Bay Sable
Stone and Baum Marten
Blue and Silver Fox
Fisher and Mink*



The Furs That Heighten Woman's Charm

A. JAECKEL & CO.
Furriers

Fifth Avenue - Between 35th & 36th Streets, New York



Some Views--on Shoes

*And a Word or Two
About Stockings*



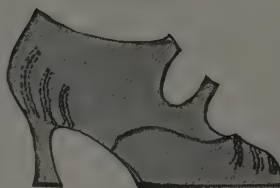
The walking pump in patent leather with black or white or gray suede trimmings



Four strapped slipper shoe in patent leather or gray suede with elastic sides



Brocade sandal in black and gold, or the lighter evening shades



Patent leather with touch of white trimmings. May be had in gray or brown



Custom-made shoe in gray or tan suede with fashionable reversible tongue, over elastic

THE decision as to whether the French or American shoe is smarter still to be decided, but we are not hectically concerned with the question we were last season! There are many women who loyally uphold each still in the sense that one may exercise much individuality in the dressing feet as they do in choosing the particular kind of silhouette that best becomes them, but those who have worn the French shoe for any length of time maintain the comfort is so great that they cannot go back to the toothpick variety. With the common sense that characterizes the American woman, she has been almost unanimous in demanding a modification of the two styles, there is no doubt but that a round toe is more comfortable than the spike model.

One does not wear a pointed mitten when buying such a hand-covering, and the curve of the fingers is not more pronounced than the curve of the toes. True, the question of high heels seems rather an inconsistency with the round toe, but the French-made heels are built with very little curve under the foot; they are thicker than the American-made French heel and are placed on the shoe so that the weight falls on the entire foot instead of pushing onto the toes. Statistics show that French women have very little trouble with corns or other foot troubles, which does speak well for the shoes.

On this page are shown five new models made by a French house, either the extreme French toe or the modified vamp—they are extremely comfortable and remarkably comfortable. For walking, the two-strapped pump with military heel is to be featured—it is very practical without being one bit mannish, and may be purchased at once without waiting for "the made to order." This is the only house that carries a large number of French and modified shoes "in stock."

It is interesting to note that the taupe stockings with black jewel buckled slippers are worn with black evening gowns as well as with the daytime costume. The sheer stocking is the elegant fashion, with open work or embroidered clocks.

*Models from
Caricion, Manfré & Co.*



*D*esigned for women who
appreciate the charm
of well-gloved hands

VAN RAALTE

Silk Gloves

Double-tipped for double wear

Made by the Makers of Van Raalte Veils



*Smart afternoon dress
and cape*

**BERGDORF
GOODMAN**

616 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

*Paris Fashions
and
Exclusive Originations*

**SUITS - COATS - GOWNS
SWEATERS - BLOUSES - NOVELTIES**



From the Fashion Maker

*The Silhouette May Be
Slender or Bouffant*

Fashion makers differ radically as to the most correct silhouette, in so doing they reflect the mental attitude of the best dressed women in Paris, London and New York. Short skirts and long Empire waists and long bodices, bouffant or chemise lines—they are all absolutely correct if they suit your individual style. Dress to suit your mood seems to express the American woman's idea of chic fashion. In introducing the Directoire, the fashion makers have given us something new. This charming style has blossomed over night as it were, and has spread its fascinating cotte of accessories before the expectant eyes of the feminine world. Already the Empire frock, featuring the long, straight-lined skirt with tiny sleeves and rounding neckline, is the "pièce de résistance" of the summer wardrobe; especially as a fashion for indoor gowns. The extreme coquette that accompanies the Directoire fashion is yet viewed with some indecision, as this part of the costume is borrowed from the mannish evening costume with tails of exaggerated length, a tremendously high collar, and lapels very pointed and wide. Doubtless, some modification will be arrived at, but the 1795 fashions are too becoming to be passed by indifferently. The Empress Eugenie gown introduced by Lanvin, is an established vogue, and is seen frequently in Paris. They all have the off-the-shoulder décolletage, with tight bodices, full skirts and tight bouquets of hand-made flowers.

Ruth Chatterton wears a delightful little 1830 frock in "Mary Rose" which may be used as a smart model for taffeta of summer fabrics. The bodice is the long-waisted bodice to below the hip, shirred broadwise and hooked up the front to the low, round neck, which is finished with a quaint fastener. An old-fashioned sash ties low at the back from the under arm sea-

Small, untrimmed hats with veil treatment are in the height of fashion, the veil folding about the brim and half way up the crown, or trailing at the sides or back in a cascading bow. And a delicious bit of fashion news is the transparent poke or one made of straw and silk—not the obvious poke of other seasons, but chiefly a poke because of the fashionable short back which characterizes the newest millinery. The trailing feather and drooping plumes make an added appeal this season, worn they frequently are with the Cavalier-type of hat. Fruit will be used extensively as a crown or brim decoration.

The jeweled bandeau is being worn by many of the fashionable style women, and its simplicity is very youthful and becoming. Norma Talmadge, Mae Murray, and Mary Nash have all sponsored the style, varying it occasionally with the Cleopatra pennants, which is a vogue that has reached even to satin turbans.



Created for women who
are as fastidious in
articles of hidden wear
as in their outer dress.

VAN RAALTE
Glove Silk Underwear

Made by the Makers of Van Raalte Veils



TO THE WOMAN WHO PURCHASES furs and apparel of first quality the integrity of the institution with which she deals is of prime importance.

That our hundred years of serving women have not been misdirected is attested by the confidence with which purchases are made in our store and which is generally held by people who have had no direct dealings with us.

Established Nearly a Century

*Balch, Price
& Co.*

*Fulton & Smith Streets
Brooklyn New York*



The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE had such an interesting talk recently with Madame Rosa Raisa of the Chicago Grand Opera Company—Madame Raisa, of whom a famous critic on one of the daily papers said: "She has one of the few great voices of our time . . . and what a pleasure it is to look at a soprano who tips the scale at less than fifteen stone." The talk was on pearls, and was so full of suggestion we planned at once to record it for the benefit of Vanity Box Readers.

Madame Raisa considers pearls one of the greatest beautifiers. She places them in the same class with powders, with rouges, with lipsticks . . .

"And is it not wonderful to think," she told us, "that there is no woman in the world to whom pearls are not becoming. You could hardly say that of anything else. Some women need them of one size, others of another. Deep yellow or creamy pearls are suited to certain types of women; milkwhite pearls to others. You must choose for your general coloring. But to everyone, no matter what she looks like, pearls are enhancing.

"It is not too much to say that certain so-called society beauties that I have seen abroad owe part of their reputations to their strings of pearls. You know, yourself, how a photograph of a woman with noticeable pearls at once catches and holds the attention.

"Some women I know are superstitious. They say to me, 'Are you not afraid to wear pearls? Pearls are unlucky, they mean tears.' And I do not respond, but I think to myself, I wonder what you would do if I offered you a ten thousand dollar string. I think they would take a chance? Yes?

"No, I do not believe in the sorrow supposed to go hand in hand with pearls. So little do I believe in it, and so much do I adore the pearl, that when I made my debut in America, in the opera, 'Christoforo Colombo'—one of the most important events, you must understand, in the singer's career—I have worn a whole headdress of nothing but pearls. Ah, it was so lovely . . . and so becoming! If I were a woman who had a little money to invest in beauty I should start a collection of pearls. I would gradually surround myself with them. I would have them about my neck, and in my ears. I would wind my arms with pearl bracelets.

"I am thinking now principally of the indestructible pearl . . . And is it not delightful that with the creation of these, this beauty is put within the reach of every woman. She does not have to be rich to claim a slice of it. I have my own real pearls, and I have also, like most women who own real strings, copies of them. I take these with me on concert tours, when I am living on trains and in hotels, and that makes me feel secure.

"Not that I should relish the idea of losing the copies . . . I have a wonderful string of indestructible pearls, not inexpensive by any means, to which I am much attached. The pearls are a rich creamy tint and especially lustrous and striking in the evening. They are called 'Coro' pearls, in case you care to know, and for myself, I consider them the very best to be found."

* * * * *

We saw Jeanne Eagels, who has just made such a hit in "The Night Watch," at Mme. Rubinstein's the other day, stocking up on the w. k. Valaze Beauty Grains. She was carrying a novelty bag that might interest you. It had a little sliding compartment at the bottom specially made to hold one's powder and rouge and lipstick, and keep them collected together and tidy and handy. The bag has a special name which Miss Eagels told us.

(For shops where Coro pearls and the novelty bag carried by Miss Eagels can be purchased, write The Vanity Box, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th Street, New York).



Fashioned for women
who are particular about
those few inches of silk-
en loveliness that peep
from beneath the skirt.

VAN RAALTE
Silk Hosiery

Made by the Makers of Van Raalte Veils

(Concluded from page 248)

that it would be an affectation or a display of hypocritical ignorance not to admit its existence. The purely aesthetic value of the beautiful and shapely chorus is not to be denied, but this would not carry far in the managerial mind if there were not other considerations. A chorus of ice maidens might suffice to artistic requirements, but a naughty twinkle of the eye is healthier for the box-office. The coquettish jade in the third row whose judiciously directed smiles cause amorous and imaginative youths to buy tickets for future performances is really more of an asset than the stately beauty, who nearer the light-trough, adds completeness to the stage picture. A willingness to partake of the after-the-performance lobster with a generous patron of the arts is not frowned upon by the management if it does not involve too frequent lateness at rehearsal.

TO weigh further this reason for the importance of the chorus girl would accomplish no good purpose. The investigation might be inaccurate and it might be saddening. It might show that the ambitious girl who selects that entrance to a stage career has started on the thorniest of paths and on one which leads away from, rather than to, her goal. Why does she select it? Because of its adventure, its romance, its possibilities matrimonially, its temptation to femininity, its apparent gayety and freedom of life—all this accounts for the why of the chorus girl in her countless numbers. The other aspects which she never sees in advance might cut down what seems an endless supply for an unlimited demand. She is here and why she is here is that we should sadly miss her if she did not cheer us with her opening chorus at the rise of the curtain, please our eyes and sometimes our ears through the performance and gladden our last look as she is grouped in the finale.

THE personal appeal may not always take so definite a form, but, even vague and unadmitted, it is there and accounts largely for the number and importance of the chorus girl. Every man, being descended from the ape, retains back in his cranium more or less of his animal progenitor. He is pleased, consciously or unconsciously, by appeals to his senses. He may not know it or define it to himself, the girl may not be completely aware of it, but he is there and she is there on account of it. He may have no musical sense and care nothing for the finished product of tenor or soprano,

he may be devoid of humor and find no fun in the comedian, but with strange patience he sits through their efforts to the very end, if only the chorus makes its regular periodical entrance. And he may even come again, thus adding to the revenues of the enterprise, if the chorus has been wisely chosen. The reader has now, doubtless, recognized him as our familiar friend, the tired business man to whom the girl-and-music industry owes so much of its prosperity.

DO YOU REMEMBER—

WHEN Harold McGrath wrote, "The Adventures of Kathlyn," for Col. William Selig, and the literary world was astounded that he so demeaned himself?

When you saw Helen Gardner's "Cleopatra," and thought it—oh, so naughty, long before Theda had barbed it?

When Ethel Clayton made her screen debut with Essanay under the direction of Thomas Ricketts in his famous one-reel, no-stop pictures: i. e., 1,000 feet of film without a change of scene or introduction of a sub-title?

When Florence Roberts starred in "Sapho," for Majestic?

When Mack Sennett played in "The Boys of Co. B.," in support of Arnold Daly?

When Myrtle Stedman was a

prima donna of the Whitney Opera Company, and made frequent concert tours?

When Louise Glaum was doing comedy rôles under Al E. Christie for Nestor?

When Harry Myers directed "The Drug Terror," to inculcate the horrors of the habit?

When Alice Joyce started with Kalem in western releases, opposite George Melford?

When Hale's Tours of the World were considered the acme of realism because they rocked you in a cab while they ran off a scenic?

When Francis X. Bushman concealed his manly features with whiskers in character rôles for Essanay?

When Roy Stewart travelled about the country in "Florodora"?

HARLOWE R. HOLT.



Sheridan

FIFTH AVENUE AT 366

IN this superb afternoon gown of flame chiffon, aglitter with crystal beads to match, you may be confident that you are gowned with that rich distinction evidenced in the individualistic Sheridan modes.

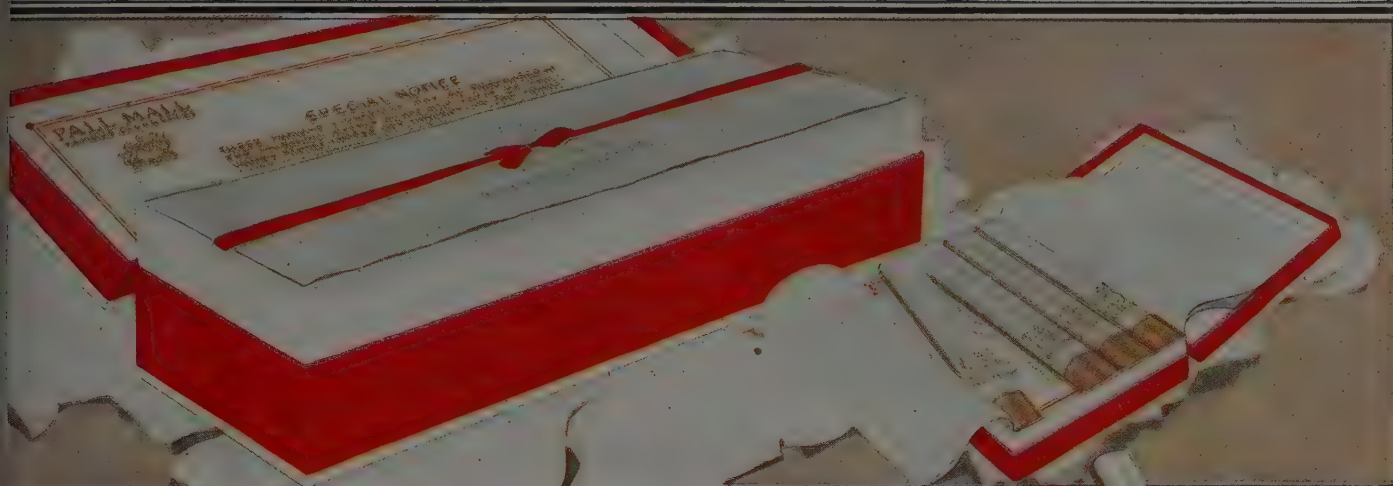
Also styled in jade, grey with steel beads and other colors.

Write for Spring Style Book

GOWNS : WRAPS : FURS



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SERVE YOUR GUESTS from the generous package of 100. For convenience the Pall Mall cigarette is packed in boxes of 10, cork or plain end, as you prefer.

• T H E Y A R E G O O D T A S T E •

(Concluded from page 242)

golden hours I spent with him when I worshipped at the shrine of his knowledge! How I gathered up those gems of wisdom, and stored them away and, like a miser, took them out and counted them and gazed upon them through the years. From him I learned to taboo buffoonery. I learned that poise, an easy, careless bearing, is one of the most valuable assets an actor can possess. How willing he was to impart to me all the wise and useful things he had learned, and to warn me against the pitfalls into which, perhaps, he himself had stumbled in his own youth!

"Life enriches all of us. It is only the petty, mean and foolish soul whom it leaves a pauper. The rushing years bring us experience, wisdom, well-stocked minds. Why then, in the years of abundance, should we creep into the dark corners? As for myself, I believe that when I reach seventy, I shall be willing to retire. I shall feel that after all the busy, difficult, crowded years I have earned a rest. However, one can never tell in advance how one will feel about such things. If the public still wants me at seventy, and I do not then feel in the mood for a rest, why I'll keep right on at work."

"I might bring up one more point in arguing against this ridiculous suggestion that a man retires at seventy. If men of seventy are hopelessly out of the running why is it that so many men at that age become fathers of healthy, buxom offspring? Every day you read of such cases in the newspapers. They are not unusual occurrences. If a man can re-create his kind at seventy and older, why tag him 'unfit' and put him on the shelf? I tell you, it's too absurd to think about."

And Mr. Hopper, snorting angrily, whirled about in his chair, hitched his great, powerful frame forward, and scanned his face closely in his dressing-table mirror. Then, with a great gob of cold cream, he carefully obliterated a small network of lines which maliciously spread little fanlike figures about his eyes.



IS IT LUCK OR PLUCK?

(Concluded from page 256)

which luck walks hand in hand—the ambition to express worthily—now; not to be famous, some day?"

"Yes—although, to tell the truth, the word luck doesn't altogether express it, you know. It sounds as if a career were a gamble, and it's something more. It's luck and something more that walks hand in hand with the right kind of ambition." Then a beaming smile radiated her face. "I know what it is—it's *pluck*," she said. "And how often we call it luck, when we really mean—pluck!"

"Then you admit," I said, a bit severely, "that when the big opportunity came and you played the leading woman's part, back in eighteen sixty-five, you were not, perhaps, such a 'lucky girl' after all? Just a plucky girl?"

Mrs. Whiffen hesitated; it was plain to be seen that modesty warred with veracity. Veracity won; she laughed and admitted: "I had to summon up all the pluck I had—and all my ambition, for—" and her voice dropped to a whisper—"I was scared—scared stiff! But," and she nodded her head in a delightfully satisfied way, "but I *made good*!"

Made good?" Of course, she did, that plucky little actress of fifty-five years ago. And with the same true ambition and undaunted pluck, she has been "making good" ever since; is "making good" today at the age of seventy-five in Henry Miller's production, "Just Suppose."

And in this, as in every part that she has graced, dear Mrs. Whiffen expresses "truth and beauty."



NEW VICTOR RECORDS

With "When Chloris Sleeps" Mme. Galli-Curci issues the first record since her marriage to Mr. Homer Samuels, who composed the song. An odd original theme, rendered with faultless vocalization and a certain individual quaintness of utterance, is handled in musicianly fashion, beautifully rounded, artistically perfect.

"Colleen o' My Heart" is Wernath's offering this month. It has a lightness and colloquial character certain to make a wide appeal. The artist's intonation in this Victor Record is exceedingly clear and fine. It is a good thing sometimes to remember that the "old folks" have played their part in making America. Miss Merle Alcock, with her beautiful, pure, sweet contralto voice, has made a great name for herself in such numbers as the March Victor Record, "I Have A Dream" and "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs." The quiet chords resemble the rich, faded hues in some gorgeous Indian shawl of old time.

Charm— Beauty's Gift to Youth

Attractive! Why, she was like a picture of radiant youth in springtime—fresh and dainty as a garden flower, and so charming one loved to look at her.

And her clothes became and graced her like the setting of a precious gem. Beholding her one realized what a wonderful personality there is to charming attire—how much individuality it imparts to the wearer, and how we form our estimates of character from clothes.

One should certainly seek to make oneself attractive by the wearing of beautiful apparel—for Fashion wields a mighty influence in molding all our destinies.



Suits for Misses & Small Women

are the embodiment of girlish grace and rare, exclusive attractiveness. Each model is an individual creation of exceptional daintiness and unique character.

Ask to see them in your favorite shop, or write directly to the makers for information where they may be obtained.

SCHULMAN AND HAUPTMAN
The House of Youth

38-40-42 EAST 29TH STREET, NEW YORK



*Paris contributes this jaunty tricorne to the gayety of Spring
Copies, Adaptations and Originations
(Millinery Salon, Third Floor)*

B. Altman & Co.

*Fifth Avenue - Madison Avenue
Thirty-fourth Street New York Thirty-fifth Street*



SPRING FURS

Moderately Priced

An advance showing of the latest styles—fashioned from new skins.

SPECIAL

Hudson Bay Sable Scarfs \$100.00

C. G. Gunther's Sons

391 Fifth Avenue

Furriers Exclusively for More Than a Century

THEATRE GUILD TWO YEARS AFTERWARDS

(Concluded from page 266)

tion of two or three, could it be said they had merit enough to demand a hearing by a true, conscientious, artistic group of workers who were in search of an elevating note? It would be unfair to mention names, but if two or three of the plays now running had been brought to The Theatre Guild, they would certainly have been produced.

Whether the Theatre Guild could succeed outside New York raises several important and interesting questions. One is whether or not New York has not proved itself to be the most advanced center of dramatic culture, another is as to whether outside of New York, the Little Theatre movement, the niche filled by such organizations as the New York Theatre Guild, can be a real success.

WHEN "John Ferguson," after a phenomenal run, was ready for the road, it was predicted that certain cities would welcome the production as enthusiastically as had Broadway audiences. Such was not the case. Its road success was decidedly mediocre. Even Boston, with its literary pride, did not patronize "John Ferguson." Amazing as it may seem, it is an actual fact that the critics of one or two of Boston's best

papers, were busying themselves writing on the art of the theatre as it existed in Spain and Italy, when an earnest endeavor, a real play, was starving on their own door-step. And, down the street, The Follies were selling out at every performance.

Such is the answer as to whether or not our true artistic center is New York.

AS for the inspiration of this Theatre Guild towards other guilds in other cities, the inspiration is certainly there. It requires an effort of financiering, and it may, in some localities, necessitate the educating of a public. Our interest in the theatre is growing, slowly, but with increasing momentum. In the cities out in the prairie towns, men and women are reading, and thinking deeply. The imagination is quickened, and they are thinking of the play—not only as an evening's entertainment, but as something bigger, more elevating. Theatre guilds may help, may grow and interest not a few, but the many, and certainly they lend an uplifting note to the theatre world as a whole, an example that must make itself felt among players, and those responsible for the production of plays.



NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Perhaps there are no two orchestral numbers so popular with audiences the world over as the two recorded by Vessella's Italian Band on Brunswick Records and released this month upon one disc as Record No. 25003.

SLAV MARCH, by the great Russian—Tschaiikowsky, and DANSE MACABRE ("Dance of Death"), by the most eminent of all living French composers—Camille Saint-Saens—both of these works were originally written for orchestra but lend themselves sympathetically to adaptation for band instruments.

The Slavonic March is one prolonged series of impressive musical periods, leading up to a grand climax which consists of an overpowering rendition of the old Russian national hymn. The Dance of Death is a picture of the gruesome festivities, legend tells us occur in cemeteries upon Halloween at midnight. In both these numbers the full and vivid recording of mass and melodic effects stamps these records as of the "de luxe" class. They should be on your "five-foot" music shelf.



Here's an exceedingly smart Spring hat that will gladden the heart of any little miss. And it's all ribbon—every bit of it—"J. C." Picot Edge Two Tone Ribbon.

"J. C." Ribbons bring a fresh interest to many things of wear. There's one for every need—buy them by name.

JOHNSON, COWDIN & COMPANY, Inc.
40 East 30th Street New York

Send 10 cents for new Ribbonology—shows how to make useful ribbon novelties.

Ivory Pyralin

A WOMAN'S toilet articles are her intimate companions. They must stand the test of daily use, year after year. They must have that simple beauty which never wearies. Their usefulness must be never-failing. Perhaps these are the reasons why Ivory Pyralin is a favorite with so many thousands of women.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.

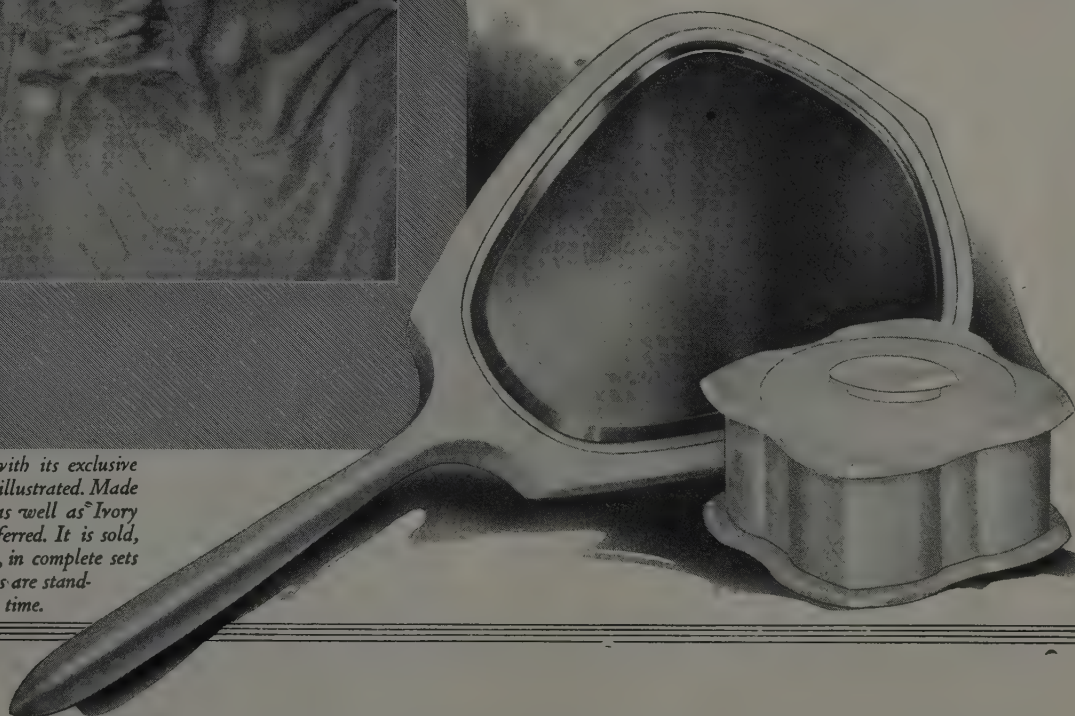
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WILMINGTON, DEL.



Genuine Pyralin can be identified
by the name stamped on every piece.



THE beautiful LaBelle Pattern with its exclusive feature, the transverse handle, is illustrated. Made of Shell Pyralin and Amber Pyralin as well as Ivory Pyralin—decorated in colors, if preferred. It is sold, at the leading stores the country over, in complete sets or single pieces. As all Pyralin patterns are standard, articles may be matched at any time.



(Continued from page 268)

counterfeit about it. The persons who live in it are real people—the kind you meet every day, and their problems are yours and mine, and they face them just as we would.

"The White Villa" will appeal principally to middle-aged people, especially women. The three women of dangerous age of the play all awaken rudely to the fact that they have lost the charm of youth, and men, whom all their lives they have allowed to play too important rôles in their lives, turn to younger, fairer women, for companionship. One of the women, married to a doctor, and the mother of several children, attempts to seek the fulfillment of her ideals through a young musician; another, a widow, unloved, elderly, and disillusioned, takes up chicken farming as a distraction; and the third, who might, at least, have found a thin bit of consolation in the company of a devoted husband, with whom she has lived for twenty years, divorces him and builds herself a white villa, in which she intends to live the life of a recluse, forsaking the company of men while she still has a bit of charm left.

She falls in love, however, with the young architect who designed the villa. He later turns to her young maid for love, and when the disheartened and lonely, middle-aged woman summons the husband she once abandoned, she finds she has sent for him too late. He, too, is in love with a young girl, and prepared to marry again.

Lucile Watson, charming and vibrant, sure of her touch, is thoroughly satisfying as the woman of forty, the central figure of the play. This is true of all of the members of the cast who support her.

APOLLO. "MACBETH." Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Presented Feb. 17th.

SHAKESPEARE is always, to me, such an absorbing subject that I am but little disposed to quarrel with any manager in the matter of his production. I am grateful for the earnest he displays in the cause of real art and am only too glad to give him the every help in my power. I like my Shakespeare with simple hangings and I like it when invested with all the gorgeousness that the most elaborate "props," scenery and costumes can convey. If a certain intelligence is at hand, neither barren simplicity nor superornateness can rob me of genuine pleasure.

But—and here I must take issue with Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones—I cannot approve of a presentation of "Macbeth" in which the player's art and the spirit of the piece itself are subdued and subjected to a tergiversation that will

fit in with a faddistic combination of futurist effects and imaginative conceptions so eccentrically bizarre as to be quite without the ken of human comprehension.

It is perfectly legitimate to present a masterpiece with all the imaginative novelty possible if it does effect the spirit and intent of the work, but when the work is deliberately sacrificed and subjected to whimsy requirements of an abnormal and artistically perverted setting, then methinks 'tis time to protest. And it is all to be deplored that so much time and money have been simply wasted. "Macbeth" gains nothing from Mr. Jones' aberrations. On the contrary, a big, bustling melodrama with a superlative psychological basis and a wealth of gorgeous poetry has been reduced to generally ineffective Shakespearean recital. And herein, Mr. Hopkins must be called to account. It cannot be that the best of players gaged in its presentation were at one time seized with a desire to project it without a spark of emphasis or a little of human enthusiasm. From Duncan's opening words to the final curtain fall, the play was minor, the movement static, note doubly depressing, the whirlwind sweep of imperative destiny utterly lacking.

Lionel Barrymore's Macbeth was outwardly a fine picture of the warrior caught in the stern mesh of punitive conscience. But the reading was monotonous. Miss Arthur Lady Macbeth was read with fine elocutional distinction. The Port of a comic rendering of character is import by Frank Sylvester, who forth like a good deed in a naughty world. The incidental music, Robert Russell Bennett, it seemed to me, was the nearest note to truth shown in the whole production.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "GUINBOUR." Miracle play in 3 acts produced Feb. 17 by Yvet Guilbert with the students of the School of the Theatre.

THOSE who were fortunate enough to be present on the occasion of this matinée performance of "Guinbour," in which Yvet Guilbert presented students of the School of the Theatre, witnessed the presentation of this old miracle play from the French of the 14th century that was of a gripping quality which kept them in breathless suspense almost from start to finish.

Co-instant with the rise of the curtain the necessary atmosphere surrounded everyone, players and audience alike, and continued throughout the two hours' length of the play. There were almost no evidences of nervousness or amateurishness among the actors, and several

(Continued on page 304)

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Dramatics at Washington Square College

WASHINGTON Square College of New York University, with its 900 students housed on the top floors of the University building at Washington Square, offers an unusual opportunity for the development of college dramatics as a major activity. It is just little more than a year ago that a dramatic society was organized in the downtown institution; but during that short space of time this newly formed organization has completed a very active program, and bids fair to become the University's most popular society.

During the summer, a small stage was built in the class-room of Mr. Randolph Somerville, the coach of

S. Falk, who played the leading part and with Mrs. Hazel's production of Bangs' "The Real Thing," both in day assembly of Washington Square College. Meantime, rehearsals were going on under the direction of Faculty Advisor for the December performance at the Lenox Little Theatre. There, on the 18th of December, were produced four of act plays before a capacity house. This occasion marked a new departure in dramatics at New York University: a play by one of students, Adolph Meyer, was produced; and the scenery and costumes for three of the four plays were designed and executed by another student in the department of Dramatic Art, Cecelia Rother.



• Photo by Abbe

Julia Cohn who had a prominent part in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," presented at Washington Square College

The Society; and the Dramatic Society has been instrumental in equipping it. A set of formal screens about nine feet in height are used for all performances in which a satisfactory background can be created by the use of lights on colored cloth, and stained paper. These screens are used when the Dramatic Society takes its plays "on the road" to the Lenox Little Theatre, or to the neighboring High School assemblies. From the profits of the spring production, D. S. has been able to provide a special set of lighting apparatus for the stage, including footlights, baby-spots, side-standards, and bunches. The curtain was presented by one of the organization's staunch friends.

This year's program in dramatics got under way with a production of Dunsany's "Glittering Gate," made by

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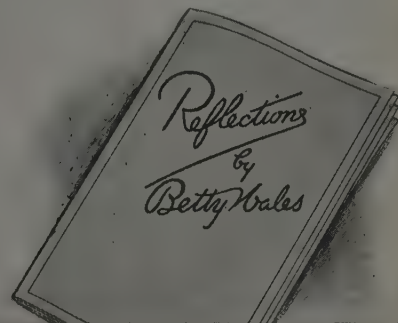
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Name

Address

Humor of the Footlights

FIRST Playwright—"You don't mean to say you are dubious about your play?"

Second Playwright—"I certainly am. They liked it so well in Danbury, Conn., that I'm afraid it's over the head of Broadway."—*Life*.

Manager—"What's the leading lady so mad about?"

Leading Man—"She only got eight bouquets over the footlights to-night."

Manager—"Great Scott. Isn't that enough?"

Leading Man—"No. She paid for ten."—*Evening Sun*.

Big Man in Audience (turning round)—"Can't you see anything?"

Little Man (pathetically)—"Can't see a streak of the stage."

Big Man (sarcastically)—"Why, then, I'll tell you what to do. You keep your eyes on me and laugh when I do."—*Pearson's Weekly* (London).

Thespis—"Are you going to cut out the theatre until the prices of tickets come down to normal?"

Foyer—"Why should I? A show is cheaper than it used to be now that there is no inducement to go out between the acts."—*Evening Sun*.

A stout woman always took two theatre seats for herself so as to be more comfortable. On one occasion the attendant said: "Excuse me, madame, but who is going to use your second ticket?"

"I am going to occupy both seats," replied the woman.

"Just as you like, madame, only they happen to be on opposite sides of the aisle."—*The Argonaut* (San Francisco).

Ted—"I hear that during one of the scenes in a new play, Gayboy turned his head aside and tears came to his eyes."

Ned—"Yes; it was the drinking scene."—*Evening Sun*.

The matter of proper lighting for the final act of "The Green Goddess" came up the other day, and Mr. Ames and Mr. Arliss met by appointment at the Booth Theatre to make some experiments. While they were under way, William Archer, the playwright in the case, tried to reach Mr. Ames over the telephone at his office.

"Sorry," he was informed, "but Mr. Ames and Mr. Arliss are over at the theatre. They're relighting the last act."

Five minutes later, exhibiting every evidence of having hastily thrown himself together, Mr. Archer arrived, breathless and distraught, at the Booth Theatre.

"What's this I hear?" he gasped. "You're rewriting the last act? Why wasn't I consulted?"—*N. Y. Times*.

OLD JOHN ST. THEATRE CELEBRATION

THE Maiden Lane Historical Society, composed of representative members of the jewelers' craft, located in the vicinity of Maiden Lane, is about to erect a tablet of great interest to the theatrical world.

The memorial, in the form of an artistic bronze tablet designed by the Gorham Co., will commemorate the site and the history of the famous John Street Theatre which, from 1767 to 1798, was the leading playhouse of the city. During the Revolution, British Army officers, Major André among others, wrote plays and took part in their performance upon the John Street stage. On April 16,

1787, Royall Tyler's play, "The Contrast," the first comedy by a native author produced in America, was presented there. Also of local historic interest, is the fact that Washington frequently attended the performances and contemporaries say that he enjoyed them.

The dedication will take place the end of March or early in April. There will be a luncheon at the Bankers' Club in the Equitable Building, at which prominent men and women, active in theatrical affairs, will be guests and speakers. Albert Ullmann, historian of the Society, will deliver the dedication address.

COMMUNITY DRAMATICS

(Concluded from page 275)

tional Dramatics of Community Service (Inc.), 19 Madison Avenue, New York City.

This includes a number of plays listed as: "Broadway Successes," now released for amateurs and which have stood the test of amateur production. The names and addresses of the publishers; a brief characterization of each play, with a note of the actor or actress who has helped "to make it famous"; directions as to royalty and the price of each play—all this information is contained in the new Community Service list.

A dozen or more plays designated as "Old Favorites Worth Reviving," and a series of special "Costume

Plays," such as "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Beau Brummel," "The Chinese Lantern," "Fanchon the Cricket," "David Garrick," and others, are also included in this list—which costs the nominal sum of ten cents to cover postage and mimeograph expenses.

* * *


TWO books representing a complete compilation of material for Lincoln's birthday are "Lincoln Celebrations," published by E. S. Werner & Co., 11 East 14th Street, New York City, price 60c., and "Werner's Readings and Recitations, Numbers 45 and 46," containing recitations, dialogues, songs, plays, drills, tableaux, and church service for Lincoln's day.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

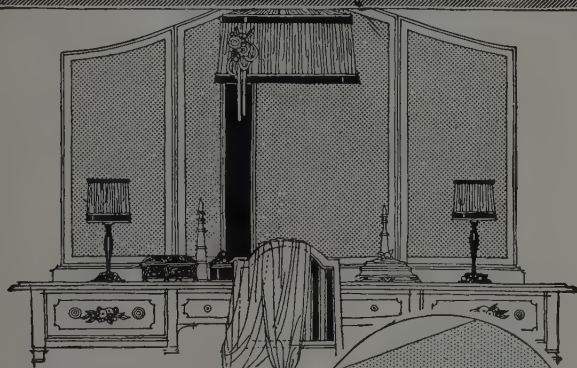
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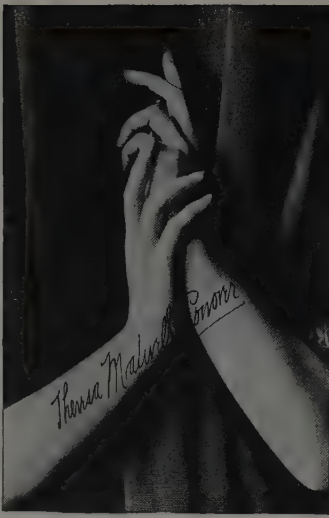
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(Concluded from page 298)



One of the greatest beauty assets are lovely hands. How many women of our acquaintance can without embarrassment call out, in the biblical phrase, "Behold my hands?"

The accompanying illustration rather inadequately portrays, —as print of necessity does,—

the fascinating hands of Theresa Maxwell Conover, the Artiste, who contributed so largely to the success of "Honeydew" at the Casino Theatre, New York.

Not only are they classical in their structural beauty, but the texture of their skin is perfect, smooth, soft and white. Sculptors and painters delight in using them as models.

Though this satiny texture is a gift, it could not be preserved without care and attention.

For hands need care just as much as the face. They are an infallible index of age, and nature punishes neglect of them by scoring them with lines, coarsening their skin and shrivelling it.

You may have kept the face young, but if you have neglected your hands, they will give you away. And the same thing applies to the arms and shoulders—especially the shoulders.

Without any wish to be cynical, if

only women could see their shoulders as those sitting behind them in the theatre must see them for hours at a stretch, many women would give up wearing evening dress. They are few and far between, those "white silken shoulders" of which a now dethroned empress used to

dream. Frequently they have blotches and spots, the skin is coarse-grained, the pores are large, sometimes there is also an excessive growth of down.

Madame Helena Rubinstein, whose Valaze Beauty Treatments and Preparations have enjoyed international fame for the last quarter of a century, has perfected a special Beauty Treatment for the Hands, Arms, Neck and Shoulders, which may be had either at her establishments or under instruction used in one's own home.

This treatment softens and smooths the skin, rendering it white and silky; takes out the lines and restores and preserves youthful appearance.

Where necessary, it also reduces over-fleshiness of the arms and shoulders. The following are the preparations used in the treatment and also a few others of Mme. Rubinstein's specialties:

Valaze Hand Cream: An unguent readily absorbed by the skin and therefore of a softening, beautifying effect. Safeguards against chaps and roughness as well as redness. \$1.10, \$2.20 & \$5.00.

Valaze Special Hand Cream A most emollient paste to be used together with water and massaged thoroughly into the hands, fingers and cuticle, also arms, shoulders and back. \$2.20 & \$6.00.

Valaze Beauty Gripe: Used in place of soap. Not only represents the best of cleansing methods, but also counteracts any tendency to overmoisture or oiliness and enlarged pores, and ensures to the skin of the face as well as the hands, arms, and back in a marvelous state of healthy activity, so that the skin fabric is always maintained in a perfect condition of refinement. Wards off blackheads and all clogging of pores. \$1.25, \$2.50 & \$5.50.

Valaze Reducing Jelly: Against superfluous flesh-

ness of hands, arms, shoulders, and double chin. \$1.50 & \$3.00.

Valaze Reducing Soap: For same purpose as the Reducing Jelly, but used for larger surfaces, such as hips, back as well as shoulders and arms. \$1.25 a cake.

Valaze Massagette: An extremely useful invention for self-massage both for reducing purposes and skin beautifying. The Massagette improves the appearance of the skin, sets up greater activity in the tissues, produces freshness of color and prevents lines and relaxed muscles. \$7.50 & \$10.00. The larger size may be used also for body and abdominal massage. No electricity, no vibration.

Valaze Whitener: Unsurpassed for instantaneous whitening of the hands, arms, shoulders, face and darkened throats. Hides discoloration of skin. A boon to dancers, as the whiteness does not rub off onto the black garment of the dancing partner's.

To remove must be washed off. \$1.25, \$3.00 & \$5.00.

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood: This is practically the cornerstone of Mme. Rubinstein's Facial Beauty Treatments. It is the one mainstay without which a woman's beauty of skin will not subsist indefinitely. Supplied in jars of three sizes, the larger are always preferred by all who have experienced the beautifying action of this unique face cream; how it coaxes away sallowness and faded appearance; how it all but makes permanent freshness and color of the skin. \$1.25, \$2.50, & \$7.00.

Valaze Skin-toning Lotion: Is a necessary adjunct to the Beautifying Skinfood. It braces and firms the skin and staves off wrinkles. It should always be used to wipe off traces of previously applied creams. \$1.25, \$2.50 & \$5.50. For skins that are dry **Valaze Skin-toning Lotion Special** is recommended. \$2.25, \$4.50 & \$8.50.

CORT. "PEG O' MY HEART." Comedy in three acts by J. Hartley Manners, produced on February 14th.

AFTER a play has attained the respectable old age (theatrically speaking), of many hundred performances, which is the proud record of "Peg o' My Heart," I, for one, don't see why its ancient bones should not be allowed to rest in peace. What possible excuse is there for dishing up this old play again, except the, perhaps, very good one that there was none other available for Miss Laurette Taylor's return to Broadway?

"Peg o' My Heart" seems a bit old style when contrasted with the sort of dramatic fare Broadway thrives on nowadays. It is a typical tailor- (not Laurette) made piece with all the faults of such one-horse vehicles, its material cut out of fustian, and all its characters seemingly with only one object and aim in life—to act as feeders for the star. Nothing exciting happens in the play, nothing could happen in the development of the action, so trite and obvious is the plot, and whatever interest we may at first take in this cute, little American orphan girl whose Irish sauce and wit triumph over her brow-beating English relatives, the reiteration of the same thing throughout three acts without

any striking situations or the action getting anywhere in particular, ends by inducing weariness.

Laurette Taylor, of course, is charming as the heroine, which she plays with her usual humor and pathos. She is charming in everything she does, but I found her more charming in "One Night in Rome," the part of a grown woman suiting her better than that of a seventeen-year-old girl. I have always insisted that Miss Taylor has never yet been given her real opportunity. The parts she has been given to play have been beneath her real ability. She is capable of better, and the announcement that she is soon to appear in a new play by a new author arouses renewed hopes that the public expectations may be realized.

AMBASSADOR. "THE ROSE GIRL." Musical play in 2 acts. Music by Anselm Goetzl. Book and lyrics by William Carey Duncan. Produced Feb. 11th.

THERE was a time when the opening of a new metropolitan playhouse was an event and columns in the papers were devoted to its architectural details. Now a new theatre is inaugurated with as little fuss as attends the addition of a new link in a chain of cafeterias.

The Ambassador in 49th Street west of Broadway is the latest to open its doors with the ubiquitous Shuberts as its managers. It is a commodious and agreeable house, handsome in its rich, solid simplicity.

It's a pity that the inaugural offering was not as happy as its surroundings. It seemed to me that "The Rose Girl" comes pretty near the limit of stupid mediocrity. When a musical production is commonplace in score, book and company it needs valiant aid to make it even possible. Anselm Goetzl—with the single exception of a waltz by Brahms to which Lopokova danced—composed the various numbers.

They flowed along so smoothly that it was difficult to determine where they began or where they ended. Wm. Cary Duncan used a great many words to retail a story which was far from original in plot and sadly missing in pointed humor or wit. One of his lyrics, *That's a Picture of My Little Jersey Home*, with its topical significance, shone out with particular brilliancy. There were two handsome star settings and a chorus more than up to the usual requirements of youth and beauty. Then, too, Rose Rolando danced with an abandon that seemed almost delirious in comparison with the general tempo of affairs.

Fred Hillebrand proved himself a droll comedian and Marjorie Gateson by her vivacity helped along his efforts. Charles Purcell and Mabel Withee acted the leading rôles.

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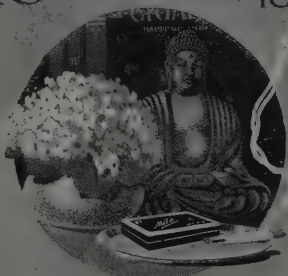


"Aren't you sometimes tempted to swear a little when you have tire trouble, Parson?"
"Well, I might be, but you see I avoid temptation by using Kelly-Springfields."



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"The Theatre's" Letter Box

The Editor invites correspondence from readers on any topics of general interest connected with the drama. Letters should be brief and written on one side of the paper only.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Dear Mr. Editor:

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the understanding and generous enthusiasm of your notice of my work in Brieux's play.

I sometimes get a bit hopeless over the thanklessness of troubling to "learn one's job." I was particularly so after the closing of this play, as the whole business was such wanton waste of good material. Your kind words have made me feel that the effort was worth while, after all.

Please accept my warmest appreciation.

Always sincerely,
BLANCHE YURKA.

New York.

TECHNIC OF THE DRAMA

To the Editor:

You would greatly assist the many aspirants to playwright's honors if you could arrange for a series of good articles on the technique and requirements of plays. The numerous books on technique and the courses in dramatics in colleges and other schools lay special stress on correct play construction and literary art, but I have as yet to find any really good book on technique which would be in keeping with cold dollar producing requirements of the present day.

"What's Wrong With Your Play," in your February issue, is an article of the type I refer to. It is truly inspirational and instructive to those who have really analytical minds, and who are willing to learn from those who have the destiny of plays in their hands.

Very truly,
R. J. POZDENA.
New York.

There are several books on Dramatic Technique that you will find useful: "Technique of the Drama," by William T. Price; "Playmaking," by William Archer; "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principles," by William T. Price; Gustav Freitag's, "Die Technik des Dramas," of which you can get an English translation.—EDITOR.

A DELIGHTFUL COMPANION

To the Editor:

I have always taken the THEATRE MAGAZINE and have always found it a delightful companion. The more pictures, the better I like it. I have several friends who buy your magazine and they ask me to say the same thing for them.

Respectfully,
(Mrs.) W. H. ROSS.
Jacksonville, Florida.

FRIENDS IN NEW MEXICO

To the Editor:

A few of the things we school-girls would like to have in future "THEATRES" include:

(1) Intimate pen portraits similar to the one by Alice Nielsen about Eleanor Duse. We like to have the actresses' own words;

(2) A theatre-party with "Angelina," or someone who discusses the little things as she does;

(3) Something about New York's

principal theatres—their histories, descriptions inside and out, what each is most noted for, etc. Your Western readers would appreciate good pictures of the new theatres.

We always enjoy your sound criticisms of the plays.

Sincerely,
SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS.

University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque, N. M.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

To the Editor:

I have been a subscriber to the THEATRE for two years and consequently feel that I am somewhat qualified to judge as to its merits and demerits. Frankly speaking, I subscribed to the magazine on account of the beautiful pictures. You should be highly complimented on the quality and artistic features of your illustrations. I enjoy your criticisms very much and hope that feature of your magazine will be continued. More constructive, critical articles on the drama, please!

Respectfully,
LEON P. CLARKE.
Rochester, N. Y.

WHY A LATE CURTAIN?

To the Editor:

Cannot something be done in the direction of persuading theatre managers to be more punctual in the matter of ringing up their curtains? It is most provoking, after having gulped down a hasty dinner, and taxied down to 42nd Street at break-neck speed, to be compelled to sit idly in the theatre merely because the manager has no conscience as regards time.

Performances scheduled to begin at 8.30 P. M. seldom, if ever, start until 8.45 P. M. The only exception to the rule is at the Belasco Theatre. There the curtain can be depended on to rise punctually. But the other houses—they are all incorrigible. The worst of it is its demoralizing effect. Sure, by past experience, that the play will begin late, ticket holders make no attempt to come at the advertised time, with the result that when, by accident, the curtain does rise on schedule, the punctual theatregoer is disturbed by late arrivals pushing past him. Still another annoyance is that, beginning late, the play is not over until late, and this is particularly hard on suburbanites who have either to miss their train or sacrifice part of the last act.

Can't something be done to make theatre managers understand that late curtains are one of the greatest annoyances theatre audiences have to contend with? We have abolished the big hat worn defiantly throughout the performance, but the late curtain is still with us.

Yours truly,
A SUFFERER.

Most of the managers, as you say, are incorrigible in this respect. Railroad managers, when they make a train schedule, strive to adhere to it, but theatre managers have not yet solved the problem. Perhaps they don't want to.—EDITOR.

ROUT THE ROOT WITH ZIT

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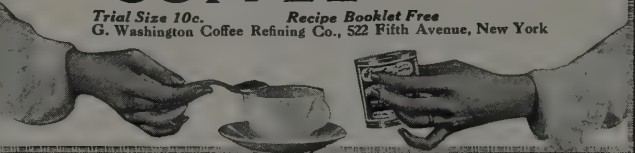
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OBITUARY



JAMES G. HUNEKER

JAMES Gibbons Huneker, the well-known critic, died on February 10, last, of pneumonia, in his sixty-first year.

Called the critic of the seven arts because he was equally competent when commenting on literature, drama, music, dancing, painting, sculpture and architecture, he was better known internationally than any other contemporary American writer. A native of Philadelphia, he was of Austro-Hungarian descent on his father's side, while his mother was a daughter of James Gibbons, the Irish poet, and a cousin of Cardinal Gibbons. He first read for law, and then went to Paris, where he studied the piano under Georges Mathias. Returning to New York, he became associated with Rafael Joseffy as teacher of piano at Mrs. Thurber's National Conservatory. It was about this period that he was attracted to literature as a profession, and he became music critic successively of the *New York Recorder*, the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Sun*, the *Times* and the *World*. He was also an occasional contributor to the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Meantime, he began writing the numerous books of literary criticism on which his reputation mainly rests. In quick succession came from his prolific pen, "Mezzotints in Modern Music," "Overtones," "Iconoclasts," "Egoists," "Chopin, the Man and His Music," "Melomaniacs," and "Visionaries." After the publication of "Egoists," in 1909, he followed with the "Promenades of an Impressionist, 1910; Liszt, 1911; "The Pathos of Distance," 1913; "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," 1915; "The New Cosmopolis," 1915; "Uniforms," 1917; "Bedouins," 1920. "Steeplejack," an autobiography, was also published last year. "Painted Veils," was his last work.

Somewhat of a recluse, preferring the quiet of his study to the noise of the thoughtless crowd, he was a man of charming individuality, and his death was regarded in literary and art circles almost in the light of a personal loss.

The funeral took place Sunday, February 13th, at the new Town Hall in 43rd Street.

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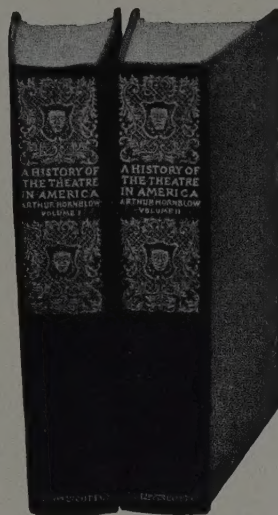
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HAS there ever been a dramatization of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress?" — E. Q., Wheeling, W. Va.

Yes. It was called "The Christian Pilgrim." Henrietta Crosman played the title rôle.

WILL you tell me a few of the outstanding facts in the life of John Drew? — T. B. F., Phoenix, Ariz.

Born in Philadelphia, November, 1853. First appearance, March 23, 1873, as Plumper in the farce, "Cool as a Cucumber." Attracted the attention of Augustin Daly and made his first appearance under his management in February, 1875. He played his first Shakespearian part in 1876 in support of Edwin Booth. It was Rosencrantz in "Hamlet." For twelve years leading man with the Daly stock company. His work was favorably received in London and Paris, during the visits of the Daly company to Europe in 1884, 1886, 1888 and 1890. Became a star in 1892, under the direction of Charles Frohman.

WHAT book would give me a good idea of the development and progress of scenic art, especially during the last two decades?

Read "The Theatre of Today," by Hiram K. Moderwell. Published by the John Lane Co. It covers the field very thoroughly.

HAVE you ever published a full page picture of Nijinsky, the Polish dancer, and what is the price of the copy containing it? Did you ever publish a photograph of Baklanoff? — R. L., Ocean City, N. J.

We have never published a full page picture of Nijinsky, but three smaller pictures have appeared in our pages in August, 1909 (price of copy 70 cents), September, 1911 (price 60 cents), and in December, 1913 (price 45 cents). We published a photograph of George Baklanoff, as Mephistopheles, in our January, 1918 issue, the price of which is 40 cents.

KINDLY give me a short sketch of the life of Leo Ditrichstein. — J. S., Chicago, Ill.

Leo Ditrichstein, actor and author, was born in Austria. He is the son of Count Ditrichstein and the grandson of Joseph Von Etooes, a famous novelist. He made his first

stage appearance in Berlin, coming to America a few years later. His first American appearance was in "Die Ehre" (in German) in 1890. Three years later he appeared for the first time in English, in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." His first hit on Broadway was as Zou-Zou in "Triby." Other appearances were in "Hedda Gabler," "Are You a Mason?" "The Writing on the Wall," "Military Mad," "Sham Battles," "The Concert," "Such Is Life," "The Phantom Rival," "The Great Lover," "The King," "The Great Adventure," "The Purple Mask." He has written or collaborated in the writing of some thirty plays, including, "A Fool's Errand," "A Superfluous Husband," "The Head of the Family," "Before and After," "The Concert," and "The Million."

WILL you kindly give me some information about "The Black Crook?" — J. S. Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Black Crook," a fairy opera written by Charles M. Barras, music by T. Baller, was produced at Niblo's Garden, New York, on September 12, 1866, and ran with phenomenal success for two years. It was revived a number of times after that date.

WHEN was Rose Coghlan born, and when did she first appear on the stage? — E. B., St. Louis, Mo.

The actress was born in England in 1852. She made her London début as Richard II in Sala's "Wat Tyler," at the Gaiety in 1869. Her American début was made at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on September 2, 1872.

HAS the character of Julius Caesar been treated by other dramatists than Shakespeare and Shaw? — L. M. G., Dayton, O.

Yes. Julius Caesar is a prominent character in several English plays. He is the protagonist of "The False One," a play by Beaumont and Fletcher; "Caesar and Pompey," a tragedy by George Chapman; "Caesar in Egypt," a tragedy by Colley Cibber; "The Roman Revenge," by Aaron Hill; "Julius Caesar," by Duke of Buckinghamshire (1722).

WHAT plays has Hall Caine written in addition to "The Christian?" — S. R. M., Detroit, Mich.

He wrote "The Bond Man" (1892); "The Manx Man" (1897); "The Eternal City" (1902).

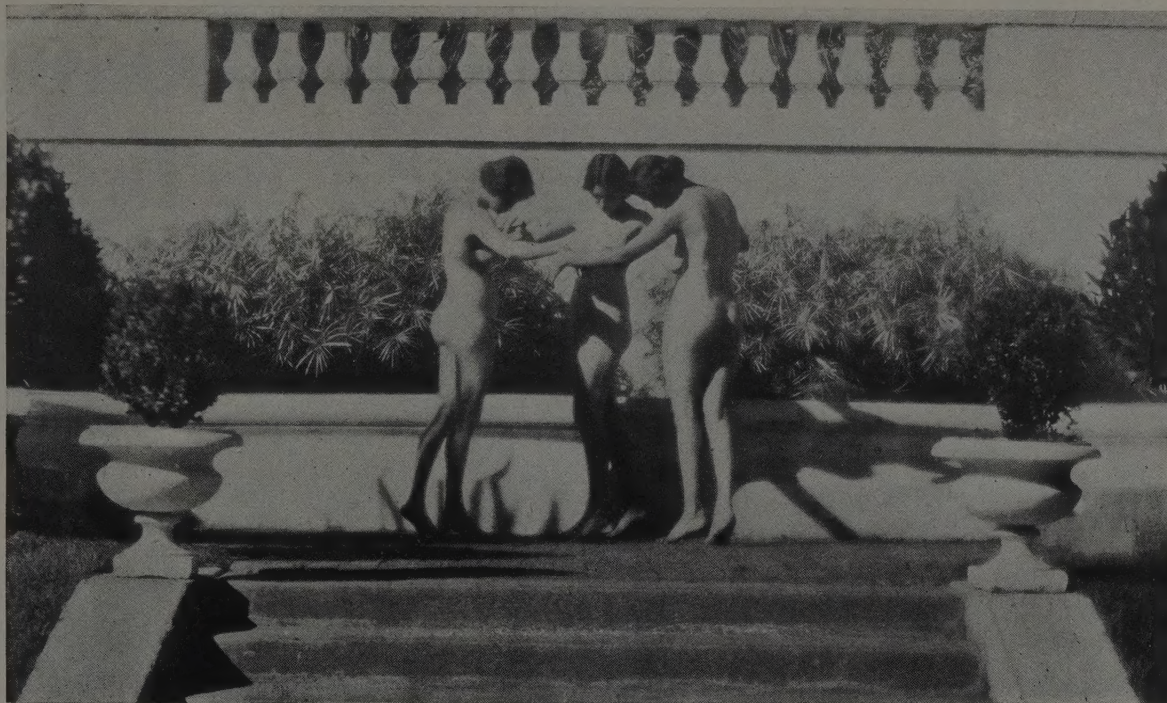


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Cover—MAE MURRAY—By Paul Helleu

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor

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